Vol. IX.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year, . 3.00
Two copies, one year, . 5.00

WOULD YE ENTER?

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Oh haste! The night is nearing,
The day grows late, so late!
The lamps of Heaven are lighted
The while you stand and wait.
Perchance, the while you linger,
The bridegroom enters in,
And knocking at the portals
You can no entrance win.

If, wakened from your dreaming,
By bridegroom drawing nigh,
To find your lamp unlighted
The while he passeth by,
Oh sore will be your sorrow,
When knocking at the gate
You find it barred and bolted,
And you are come too late!

Rouse up, oh foolish laggards,
Your lamps I pray you trim,
That when the bridegroom cometh
You all can welcome him.
And when, with marriage music,
You pass the open gate,
Your heart will thrill with rapture
That you are not too late.

Dick Dimity:

The Pet of the Family.

A Strange Story of a Haunted Boy and a Phantom Father.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, AUTHOR OF "JACK HARKAWAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN OF THE TRUANT.

It was the afternoon of the fifth day after the running away of Dick Dimity.

The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky and the boys were running about, merrily at they

play.

Inside the house, with its palatial surroundings, in which lived Mr. Dimity, there was deep and heartfelt sorrow.

It was a house of mourning.

That day, Mrs. Dimity had been laid in her last home in the cold, cheerless cemetery, and as her husband sat alone in his library, the memory of years rushed over him like a flood, and he went.

and he wept.

He was interrupted by the entrance of his little daughter, Fanny, who rushed boisterously into the apartment.

"Papa! papa!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Hush, my child!" replied Mr. Dimity, reprovingly. "Have you so soon forgotten that we have had death in the house?"

we have had death in the houser

"Oh, no, papa; I can never, never forget my
dear, poor mamma!" she answered, wiping her
eyes. "But, Dick has come back!"

Mr. Dimity sprung to his feet, and his red,
swollen eyes flashed wildly.

"Dick—come—back?" he repeated, slowly.

"Yes indeed! I here seen buy."

"Yes, indeed! I have seen him."
"Wretched boy! It is fitting that he should have chosen this day for his reappearance.
Where is he?"

Where is he?"

"In the hall, with a strange gentleman."

"Tell him to come in here," said Mr. Dimity, adding, in a low voice, "thank Heaven for giving me back my boy, though he was the cause of my losing my wife—his mother!"

A few minutes elapsed, when Fanny reappeared, leading a boy by the hand, followed by a middle aged man dressed in a suit of black

a middle-aged man, dressed in a suit of black.
"I've come back, father!" said the boy, "and
I want to ask your forgiveness."
"Have you heard of your mother's sad
teath?" inquired Mr. Dimity. "We buried her

Yes." replied Island Jim, for it was he, in

Yes, "replied Island Jim, for it was he, in his new character, "and I'm very sorry for it; but you can't blame me and it's no use beginning that sort of thing. If you do, I'll run away again, and stay away."

"What am I to understand by that?" inquired

Mr. Dimity.

"Make what you like out of it," replied Jim. The boy was playing a part in which he had been carefully futored by Een Belshazzar.

The latter stepped up to Mr. Dimity, and folding his hands demurely in front of him, said, with a pious snuffle, "My worthy friend, allow me to speak in this misguided boy's behalf."

"Who are you, sir?" inquired Mr. Dimity.

"One of the elect, I sincerely hope. It is my humble province to be a deacon of the church in the township, wherein I dwell, but, verily, this is a sinful world."

"How did you meet with my boy?" contin-

"How did you meet with my boy?" continued Mr. Dimity, who was completely deceived by the likeness between Dick and Jim.

by the likeness between Dick and Jim.

"He had penetrated into Pennsylvania, sir, and being an-hungered and athirst, he came to my door and did beg a meal of broken victuals."

"Beg? my boy beg?"

"Of a verity, he had to beg or steal, and so chose the former alternative. Feeling interested in a lad of his comely presence, I took him in and did give him wherewith to satisfy his hunger; then he confessed to me his story and I prevailed upon him to come back to the fold, like the lost sheep, spoken of out of the hymn of the Ninety and Nine."

Jim made a gesture of impatience.

Ninety and Nine."

Jim made a gesture of impatience.

"The old chap means to say," he exclaimed,

"that I was dead broke and he paid my way
home. That is all there is in it, and if you don't
want me, I'll start out again."

Belshazzar held up his hands in deprecation.

"I had hoped, sir," he said, "that the young
man's recent experience, and the affliction with
which he has been visited, would have softened
his heart. I fear he requires some one to look
after his moral character and forge the bonds
of righteousness about his soul."

"My good sir," replied Mr. Dimity, "you
speak well, you mean well; I am sure you are an
honest man."

'How well he knows me," murmured Belshaz-

"I feel that you are an honest citizen of—"
"Charityville, Pennsylvania."
"Thank you! I never heard of the place,

"A mere trifle of a place, sir—a little village in the oil regions, but of a God-fearing popula-



Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty Dick was brought to the surface.

"And you are an esteemed deacon of the church, all love you, your life is spent in doing good to your fellow-creatures?" continued Mr. | regular in his habits; he came home late at light; occasionally he stayed out altogether. | You are his son—at least he supposes so—and he may bluster, but he will never disgrace his name. I will have the jewels."

"He reads me like a book," said Belshazzar, rubbing his hands unctuously together.
"Will you, dear sir, will you undertake the tuition and guidance, in a spiritual sense, of my misguided boy?"
"For a consideration?"

"For a consideration?"
"Certainly; you shall have a handsome sti-

pend."
"Charityville will miss me," exclaimed Belmany a prison chaplain; "the wail of the orphan deprived of his friend, will be heard in the land; but, as I have no family ties to hold me back, I accept the offer."

"You accept?"

"You accept?"
"I do, unhesitatingly. The voice of duty calls me. I will strive hard with the world and the flesh, to snatch this brand from the burning."
"Mr. Dimity, simple-minded and too honest to be suspicious, said: "I thank you."
They shook hands, and then the bereaved father caught Jim in his embrace and kissed his cheek.

cheek.

"My son," he exclaimed, pathetically, "all is forgotten and forgiven. Lead a new life."

"I'll try, father," answered Jim, "and as I see you feel bad I'll leave you alone for the present. Come, sis. Is my room as I left it?"

Fanny replied that it was, and ran up-stairs before him, which was very useful, as he had not the remotest idea which way to go.

Dick's room was plainly furnished, and filled with books, guns, fishing-rods, base-ball bats and other things which youth delights in.

"Oh, you naughty brother!" said Fanny, "to run away; but you'll never do it again."

"Not till next he forgery took place Mr. Dimity went to his friends and informed them of the distressing fact.

"It grieves me to tell you this," he said, "but you are my friends and neighbors."

"The boy is turning out badly, as I always predicted," replied Mr. Mandragon, "and that shows the folly of making one child the pet of the family."

"Alas! Is 22e my mistake now."

"I have an idea, by means of which you

servants to bring some cigars and some beer; and say, sissy, is that old Mandragon in teat Fanny looked out of the window

Yes, that is he—nasty, cross old thing!" she replied.

Jim took up a putty-blower, and opening the

window, shot a couple of pellets at Mr. Mandragon, which struck that gentleman painfully in the eye and on the ear.
"Oh! my ear!" cried he; "who's that?"
"I'm back again!" shouted Jim.
Mr. Mandragon darted quickly into his house

Fanny went off on her errand and the servant con appeared with what was wanted, leaving

soon appeared with what was wanted, leaving the conspirators together.

"How did it go off?" queried Jim.

"First class! The religious lay quite took the old gentleman. These clothes are tip-top for a deacon of the church. I don't think we shall have any trouble now," replied the Gipsy.

"I mean to have fun, I do!" said Jim.
"None of your half-and-half for me! You'll have to board out of the house, Een, or you'll be bored in."

be bored in."
"Certainly; I shall engage a room at Taylor's
Hotel, so that no one will be interested in my
movements, and I guess that New York will
see more of us than Jersey City. Leave all to
me; never open your mouth to fill other people's
and we shall triumph," said Belshazzar, confidently.

dently.

"I feel certain of one thing," replied Jim, in the same cautious tone adopted by the Gipsy.

"The old man is as soft as a squash and I'll break his heart in a year."

Their position was secured; their trick had been successful. The wonderful likeness between Dick and Jim, the latter's intimate knowledge of the household, all combined to decive everywhody.

For the first few days he had some trouble in recognizing his associates, but he spent most of his time with Tommy Bennett, and from him derived all the information he wanted without

exciting suspicion.

In a fortnight he was firmly established.

Mr. Belshazzar came every day to give him lessons, acting the part of his tutor, and Mr. Dimity appeared satisfied with the arrange-

Time passed on, however, and Jim became ir-

regular in his habits; he came home late at night; occasionally he stayed out altogether. In his demands for money he became very importunate, and his father could not imagine what he did with all the sums he gave him. One day a forged check was paid by the bank to Jim and the forgery d scovered by Mr. Dimity.

This raised his ire, as the amount was considerable, and a very painful scene ensued, Mr. Dimity declaring that if it ever happened again, he would allow the law to take its course.

The good deacon Belshazzar wept and prayed, but without producing much effect on the young man.

You are his son—at least he supposes so—and he may bluster, but he will never disgrace his "Give me a week."

"Take it," replied the Gipsy, toying restless-ly with the cards.

Jim drank more champagne than was good for him, and went home with his head in a whirl.

In the hall he met his supposed father, who instantly saw his condition.

"You have been drinking, sir," he exclaimed.

"You have been drinking."

"You have been drinking. Sir," he exclaimed.

"You have been drinking."

"You have been drinking."

man.

After this a coolness amounting almost to an estrangement sprung up between the father and the supposed son.

As Mr. Dimity was liberal in his donations of the supposed son.

Belshazzar was the gulf into which the green-

backs were poured.

The Gipsy was a great gambler and could not restrain his propensity for play.

He rendered Jim's life a misery and a burden to him by his repeated and incessant demands

"Alas: I see my mistake now."
"I have an idea, by means of which you might reform him."
Mr. Dimity looked up in surprise.
"Will you impart it to me?" he asked.
"Strictly in private."
"Is that a hint to me to leave the room?" inquired Mrs. Mandragon.

"Yes, my dear," replied her husband; "not even to you dare I impart the secret. It must be known but to us two."

Mrs. Mandragon, always obedient to her husband's will, did not hesitate a moment.

The two gentlemen were left alone together.

The two gentlemen were left alone together.
Their conversation was long and earnest.
At the conclusion Mr. Dimity grasped the hand of Mr. Mandragon warmly.

"It will be a terrible ordeal," he said, "but I am convinced I ought to do it. If he commits any more enormities the plan shall be put in execution."

"Is it a settled bargain?"

"It is."

What the bargain was will be seen as the story progresses.

"Not I" replied Carl; "I wanted my break fast."

"Vell, you eat your breakfast and I go look at dot ting," enjoined Mr. Herschell.

"No, father, let me go," pleaded Lena; "I am dying with curiosity."

"Mebbe sometings hurts you, und den you die mit sometings else!" answered her father.

"Please let me go!"

"Donner und blitzen! Dot girl is like her mudder; she most always have her own way."

"You always let me have mine, too," said Lena, kissing him.

lucky in his gambling ventures and was more than ever pressing in his demands upon Jim for

money.

One evening he was playing cards in the Gipsy's room of the hotel. Wine sparkled in the glasses and the air was perfumed with cigars of

"Jamie," exclaimed Belshazzar, throwing down his cards, "my lucky star is in the ascendant to-night, and I haven't a red to buck the tiger with." "All I can get I give to you," replied Jim.
"I worry the old man nearly to death for money, and since that affair with the bank he has not been so free with the stamps."
"You must get some."

You must get some.

"I have ascertained that Mrs. Dimity's jewels are in a drawer in the bureau of her old room. Bring them to me. The diamonds are worth some thousands."

"Steal them?" "Call it what you like; we won't cavil about

terms."
"The old man won't stand it," said Jim.

Heaven you may repent of your evil courses said the saddened father.

Jim reeled up-stairs to his room and threw imself all dressed as he was on the bed.

Fanny stole noiselessly into the room.

"Dick," she cried. "Don't you feel well?"

"Very dizzy, sis," he replied.

"You made such a noise coming up, and I heard papa scolding you. Oh! do try to be a good boy! Papa wants to love you so and you won't let him."

"Don't preach," answered Jim; "I hate sermons. Lemme go sleep; can't you?"
With difficulty suppressing her tears, Fanny quitted the room to kneel down by her own bedside and waft to Heaven a pure-hearted maiden's prayer for her erring brother.
That pight Jeland Jim dreamt of robbons. That night Island Jim dreamt of robbery

CHAPTER IV. 'WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE OLD WELL.

MR. and Mrs. Herschell, with their son Carl,
and their daughter Lena, owned and lived on
the "Woodbine Farm" in New Jersey, a few
miles from Elizabeth.

Carl came in to breakfast one morning and 'I don't know, father, what the matter is

with Max."

Max was the dog.

"Hein!" said Mr. Herschell. "Max vos von goot dorg. Vot he gone do wrong now?"

"I can't get him away from the old well."

"Pr'aps der vos von skunk mit dot well!"

"No, I guess I've killed all the skunks round this farm," answered Carl.

"Der tog never do not'ings for not'ings," remarked Mr. Herschell.

"Did you take the boards up and look down?" asked Lena.

Lena, kissing him.
"Ya. I lofe my Lena. Go den and gom pack soon, mit der news," cried her father.

Lena, with the fair hair and blue, liquid, talking eyes, ran off.

She was gone about five minutes, and when she returned her face was pale and her manner strangely gritated.

she returned her face was pale and her manner strangely agitated.

"Oh! father," she exclaimed, sinking into a chair and covering her face with her hands.

"Donner-wetter! der mädschen, has seen ein ghost?" Mr. Herschell asked.

"Worse," replied Lena, recovering herself.

"What is it?"

"There is a man in the well, all covered with

"There is a man in the well, all covered with blood and—oh! it is so dreadful! I think he is

At this intelligence, farmer Herschell and Carl quitted the breakfast-table and ran eagerly toward the old well.

Lena had removed the boards, and looking down, they perceived a body, doubled up as if dead.

The dog howled dismally, as if he appreciated "The old man won't stand it," said Jim. "I tell you it's a bu'sted racket, and we may as well throw the whole thing up at once."
"Ah, pshaw! Blood is stronger than water."
"the discovery as much as they.
"Mein Gott in himmel!" cried the farmer; "this vos won murder! Get a rope, Carl! This vos von bloody murder. Hein!"

Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty the body was brought to the surface. There was a slight pulsation of the heart, and a blade of dry grass, placed against the lips, fluttered, showing that there was a feeble respi-ration.

fluttered, showing that there was a reedle respiration.

"He vos not dead yet!" said Herschell.

"Send for der herr doctor and der richter shudge! Look at dot head! It vos all crushed in, poor boy!"

Carl hastened to send one of the farm hands for a medical man, and then assisted to carry the body into the house, where it was charitably placed upon a bed.

the body into the house, where it was charitably placed upon a bed.
Good-hearted people were these Germans, and though the boy was ragged and looked poverty-stricken, like a tramp, they did not neglect to do their duty to their neighbor.

Like the Samaritan, they refused to pass by on the other side of the way, but poured oil and wine—figuratively—into his wounds.

The half-dead boy was Dick Dimity, whom Belshazzar and Island Jim thought they had silenced forever.

lenced forever.

Tenderly, as if it had been her own brother.

Lena washed the clotted blood from his hair and

face.
When the doctor arrived, he examined the body carefully.
"This has been a brutal attempt at murder," he said. "The skull is fractured, and I fear there is concussion of the brain. To move him will be certain death. With you, he may recover."

Mr. Herschell spoke to his wife.
"Doctor," he said, "he shall stay here. Ve are Christians. I vill bay your bill. Isch dot

The doctor dressed the wounds, left a prescription for a febrifuge, and promised to call again soon.

For many days and nights Dick remained unformany days and nights Dick remained unformany days and nights between the control of t conscious, but he did not die. Thanks to the kind treatment, delicate nursing and medical skill he received, all aided by a strong constitution, he battled bravely with death and gained the mestery.

tion, he battled bravely with death and gained the mastery.

But when he grew well again, after the lapse of many weeks, he had a vacant stare in his eyes, an unmeaning expression about his face and an idiotic smile when spoken to.

All this was very sad and painful to his good friends, the Herschells, who appealed to the doctor about this strange symptom.

He was of opinion that the brain was injured and that the boy was an idiot. Whether he would ever recover his faculties or not, he would not venture to say, though he had known cases of loss of reason, arising from a similar cause.

ed in time.

Watch and wait," he concluded. Again the charity of the Herschells was called into active operation. Most people, under the circumstances, would have sent the helpless boy to the County House, where he would have been

the farm, and sit down at their table and live e one of themselves.
'What is your name?" asked Lena, over and

He would shake his head sadly.

"I don't know," he replied. "I had a name, once, but it went away from me that night when all was so dark."

Pursuing her astute catechism, she would say:

Have you no home?"
"No; I lived in a barn." "Cannot you remember your friends?"

"It is all gone. I can recollect nothing," he would reply. "I will try, though; some day it may come back to me. If I could only think of something, I might get it all; but now it is blank, blank, blank!"

He was very grateful to them for their kindness, and always anxious to do any odd job they might have on the farm, compatible with

And so, he got to be one of the family, and the "boy," as they called him, was pitied and liked by all. We must leave Dick Dimity, struggling with his mind-darkness in the family of the Herschells, while we return to Island Jim and his rascally mentor, Eenas Belshazzar.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOY OBEYS A BAD COMMAND. ALTHOUGH his daring venture had been successful so far, and he was living in luxury such as he had never before been accustomed to, dark clouds were gathering around Island Jim. A storm was about to burst over his head, and though the storm was no bigger than a man's hand at present, it threatened in process of time to assume formidable dimensions.

He was, one morning, amusing himself by playing ball with Tommy Bennett in the garden at the back of the house. The ball went over the fence into Mr. Mandragon's yard, owing to Tommy's carelessness, and its flight was

ong to Tommy's carelessness, and its flight was followed by a slight scream.

"There you go again, butter-fingers!" shouted Jim. "Now somebody's hit and I've got the blowe"." A lot you care!" replied Tommy Without answering him Jim climbed the fence, and springing down on the other side beheld a charming young lady, who was holding her hand to her face, which had been grazed by

How very careless you are!" she exclaimed,

in a tone of vexation.

Jim stared at her with admiration, and his fixed gaze was almost rude.

Tall, dark, slim in figure, but wonderfully symmetrical, with long eyelashes that fringed her lustrous eyes, and features so regular as to rival those classic nymphs, sculptured by Phidias and Praxiteles in the palmy days of Greek art, he thought she was the most lovely creature he had ever seen.

"I beg your pardon, miss!" he replied. "It was all Tom Bennett's carelessness."

"How you stare at me!" she fretted. "One wo ld think you had never seen me before."

"I—I—that is, of course, I recollect you, but I can't think where I have met you before," stammered Jim.

stammered Jim.
The girl laughed as if much amused.
"That's very complimentry to

"That's very complimentry to me, Mr. Dimity," she said, "considering that we were playfellows all last year, and that you did me the honor to admire me—at least you said so." "Oh, yes. I know you now. It was only my

I had a good many trials and privations,

"Last year she went to visit some relations in Cuba, where she was born, and the boys always supposed that you and she were going to hitch teams, some of these days,"

Jim ran into the house, and brushing his hair, ways supposed that you and she were going to hitch teams, some of these days."

Jim ran into the house, and brushing his hair, put on his most fascinating neck-tie; after which he visited Mr. Mandragon's house.

The servant refused him admittance.

"Mr. Mandragon, sir," said the servant, "has left orders that you are to be told that the family are not at home to you."

Jim bit his lips with vexation.

they're after hair, this outfit may furnish 'em about seven head-robes."

"Do you think they'll make a charge upon us?" asked Miles.

"They would if they knowed how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through them lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do afoot? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach

her uncle's arm.
"Mercedita!" he exclaimed.

wish you to renew your former intimacy with that young man."
"Your wishes are always law to me, uncle," replied Mercedita.

replied Mercedita.

"He is bad, worthless and wicked. Only lately he perpetrated a forgery on his father."

"Indeed! What seemed strange to me was that he did not know me. There is something

peculiar about him; he does not seem the same bick Dimity to me."

Mr. Mandragon started.

"The same idea had occurred to me," he said.

"It is singular it should strike us both. There

a mystery somewhere, though it is useless to suggest it to Dinity; he scouts the idea."
"What do you think, uncle?"
"My darling, I cannot give my thoughts words. We must leave it to time to unravel what appears so strange and contradictory."
While this conversation took place between the lovely Mercedita and her uncle, Jim walked down to the lotely to wish the grant of the lovely mercedita and her uncle, Jim walked down to the hotel to visit his guide, philosopher

To his surprise he met Eenas Belshazzar in the "This is an unexpected pleasure," said he.
"To me, also. I am glad I have met you,"

replied the Gipsy.

There was that in his manner which showed that something of an unusual nature had occurred, for he was strangely agitated.
"Anything gone wrong" inquired Jim, his heart coming into his throat, as he feared that

heart coming into his throat, as he feared that they were detected.

"Yes; I must have those jewels at once."

"Can't you wait till night, when the house is quiet and all are asleep?" asked Jim.

"I cannot; the fact is I must cut and run as soon as possible," replied Eenas. "How long I shall be away I don't know, but I will communicate steadily with you, who must run the machine by yourself during my absence."

"Leave me alone?"

"It's unavoidable. You are well planted, now, and need not be afraid of anything."

"You have told me so much that you can afford to tell me a little more," said Jim. "We lought to have no secrets from one another."

"Well, Pll trust you," answered the Gipsy, while a nervous tremor ran through his body. "Ten years ago I was in Virginia City, Nevada, and had made a pile, speculating in stocks, which was agety property in the form of the stocks."

and had made a pile, speculating in stocks, which was easy enough in those days, if you were on the spot, and in with the ring. There was a rich fellow there, a Spanish marquis, Manuel de Garcia. His wife was very charming and I manuel to the spot of the spo

Manuel de Garcia. His wife was very charming, and I ran away with her."

"Ah, I begin to see!" exclaimed Jim.

"We went to Los Angeles, in Lower California, where he found us out. I fled; he killed his wife and took a solemn oath at the old Mission church there, that he would never rest till he had slain me, and I have always had an idea he would keep his word."

"Last night I met him in the street, and he recognized me in the crowd. I slipped away, but I am uneasy. I dare not stay in the same city with el Señor Manuel de Garcia, for that man's presence means death to me

Go armed! What have you to be afraid The Gipsy shivered like a leaf.

"I am not either morally or physically, a coward," he rejoined, "yet I lose my manhood when I think of Garcia. For ten years a blight has been on me. Nothing that I have touched has prospered with me, except this last venture of ours. I must com." "Whither?" asked Jim.

"I know not. Anywhere out of his way. I think I'll try one of the West India Islands for a while. Now you see why I must have money

Island Jim's resolution was soon taken.

"Wait for me at the hotel," he ordered. "It is risky, but I'll do it for your sake."

They parted, and Jim returned to the house, to learn from the servant that Mr. Dimity was lunching at Mr. Mandragon's.

He knew that Mrs. Dimity's jewels, valued at a very large sum, were locked in the drawer of a bureau in her husband's sleeping apartment. There was no doubt about this, because Mr. Dimity had once, in a moment of confidence, shown them to him.

Being an adept in picking locks he provided

Being an adept in picking locks, he provided himself with a piece of wire and ascended to the room. The servants were all below at dinner, and Fanny had gone to school. Pulling down the curtains of the windows he set to work, and in fire minutes his bright and the provided himself. n five minutes his practiced hand had succeed

ed in opening the drawer.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 464.)

Old Occident's Stratagem.

fun. How are you, and when did you come back?" asked Jim, trying to brazen it out.

"Last night; but cell me who I am?"

"What nonsense! Old friends don't want to joke like this. Excuse me a moment. I am scarcely fit to be seen after playing ball. I'll go and fix myself up, and come round to the front."

Without allowing her to say anything more, he kissed the tips of his fingers to 'er and vaulted again over the fence.

Tommy had been watching him through a hole in the woodwork.

"You're a nice fellow! Where's the ball?" he said.

"Oh! hang the ball! I'm not going to play any more," replied Jim.

"I see how it is," retorted Tom, laughing.
"Directly you saw Mercedita you couldn't think of anything else."

"Mercedita!" repeated Jim, to himself. What a pretty name! So, it appears, I am in love with Mercedita! Well, I have no objection."

"Where has she been?" he asked, aloud.

"Why, don't you know? What a fellow you are. Ever since you went on that tramp, you'vee lost your memory. You are always asking me the most stupid questions about places and people."

"I had a good many trials and privations,"

"Surrounded, by the shades of the prairie; but, owing to a strong wind blowing in their faces, their progress was slow and they were compelled to go into camp on the open plain; and that, too, with some strange, suspicious-looking objects hovering along the western horizon. They were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages; and the presence of savages there ment mischief.

"If it's Ingins," declared Old Occident, "it's a band o' raiders from the Nor'-west, and they may give us trouble."

Every precaution was taken to guard against danger. The night fell black, starless and wild. Black clouds rolled through the ethereal deep like billows on a maddened ocean, and the wagons up the convex were compelled to remove the cinwas tilts from their wagons to keep them from being whipped to shreds and the wagons up the most stupid places and people."

"I had a good many trials and privations, "Surrounded, by the shad

'Surrounded, by the shades of the temple!"

"I had a good many trials and privations, that time."

"So I should think! Well, Mercedita is old Mandragon's niece. I suppose you know that."

"Ah! pshaw! What are you giving met Tell me something I don't know!"

"Last year she went to visit some relations in Cuba, where she was born, and the boys always supposed that you and she were going to hitch teams some of these days."

"Surrounded, by the shades of the temple!" exclaimed Old Occident.

"My God!" responded Jonathan Miles, "we are doomen!"

"It looks shadowy for us, boys," Occident continued: "them are a pack of murderous Sioux making a raid down in this country whar there hasn't been a hostile for two years, and as they're after hair, this outfit may furnish 'employed by the shades of the temple!"

Jim bit his lips with vexation.

In the hall he saw the young lady leaning on would be turned on you before you could reach their lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's mad-

"Mrecedita!" he exclaimed.

She gave him a cold stare and passed into the drawing-room with her relative.

Jim retired in disgust and felt very mean.

"My dear child," said Mr. Mandragon, to her, wish you to renew your former intimacy with that young man."

"Your wishes are always law to me, uncle," replied Mercedita.

"He is bad, worthless and wicked. Only lately he perpetrated a forgery on his father."

"Indeed! What seemed strange to me was that he did not know me. There is something peculiar about him; he does not seem the same Dick Dimity to me."

Mr. Mandragon started.

"The an idea in my head, colonel," responded Occident, "that may outwit the red devils. Pil try it, at least. I've never see'd the redskin that could beat me on a stratagem. All I want you to do is to stand with your repeaters and revolvers ready to repel any charge. As they're afoot, you could shoot 'em all down with them long-rangers of yours afore they could git here, and they seem to be aware of the fact, too, and are layin' around out thar waitin' for us to try to escape. But we see ourselies but him; he does not seem the same by yours."

"Yes, yes!" shouted the homesteaders, as their minds reverted to the dear ones that would wait and watch their coming with eager impa-I've an idea in my head, colonel," responded

wait and watch their coming with eager impa-

wait and watch their coming with eager impatience.

Old Occident now went to work to prepare for his departure, and it was with no little curiosity that his movements were watched by his companions. The first thing he did was to tie the buggy, belonging to the party, to one of the wagons. This done he raised the buggy-pole until it pointed heavenward, and there fastened it by means of stay-chains taken from one of the wagons.

wagons.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, as he regarded this much of his work; "boys, I used to be a sailor bold, and what I didn't know about reefin' and riggin' a vessel wer'n't wuth knowin'. That buggy-pole cocked up thar reminds me of bare mast without sail, and here goes for the sail."

sail."

It was apparent now, to the homesteaders, what their old guide was up to. He intended to rig the light buggy with sail, take advantage of the wild, sweeping wind and endeavor to escape. But the idea seemed as impossible and absurd as it was foolhardy, and Jonathan Miles remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose.

ose.
"You'll never know till ye try, Jonathan,"
Occident would reply; "you see, that wind is
blowin' at the rate of thirty miles or more an
hour, and I believe I can sail through the breakers like a flirt. If I do, I'll have a hundred
men here from the Platte Settlements afore
night."

night."
The old man took one of the canvas tilts and some ropes and lariats and constructed a square sail which he adjusted, in good order, to the mast. A rope was then attached to the ends of the fore-axle, just inside the wheels, for a steering apparatus, and Occident was ready to

sail.

"Now, boys," he said, mounting the seat of the wind-ship, "when I say the word, cut her loose and let her flicker. I'll sail south-east with the wind and if the Ingins git too thick in that direction I'll veer off to the south and take the wind on my quarter. But of all you do, boys, keep a stiff upper lip, and, if the devils attempt to steal a march on you, don't give up as long as you've breath. It may be they'll break their lines, when I sail out, so's you can escape. If you do, make tracks to the point we left yesterday mornin'. Now, then, cut her loose!"

One of the men cut the rope that held the luggy to the wagon just as Occident ran up his ail. The vessel pitched forward, almost on its beam end," as the canvas caught the wind; the lold Occident soon set it aright. A convulsive quiver seemed to shake the whole venicles then with the straining of the ropes and of the ropes. The ropes are represented to the rope of the way, allow the totalnk your for your part in the capture of those pirates."

"It is of those pirates, as you call them, your them," said Rona, firmly.

"How can the Senorita De Silva feel interest in a pirate, may I ask?" queried the Governor-greater than the capture of those pirates." away in a zigzag course, reeling and tottering like a drunken thing.

It was some time before Occident could get the craft under control, so swiftly and wildly did it lunge and dart along the prairie, like a wounded bird in the air or a maddened steed endeavoring to unseat its rider.

The savages were stricken with awe at the sight of the white-winged monster sweeping out of the camp of the pale-faces, and stood as if rooted to the spot; but this lasted only for a moment. With a fiendish yell they started toward the point when the started toward the point when the started toward the point was the started toward the started the started the started toward the started ward the point where they saw the wind-wagon would pass their lines.

"By heavens!" cried Jonathan Miles, "they will slay the guide! He can never pass that cordon of savages—ah! see! he veers to the right! he will dodge them!"

True enough. The old borderman, seeing the danger that was gathering before him, pulled the rein, and his wind-steed turned and plunged away toward the south at a fearful speed, the wheels humming like a hundred spindles. Fifty rifles rung out. A few bullets tore through the sail, but no further damage was sustained by the old land sailor, and in three

sustained by the old land-sallor, and in three minutes from the time he had started, Occident had passed the dead-line and was flying down the plain, while the savages strung out over the prairie in pursuit like the tail of a comet. With eager eyes the homesteaders watched the white sail receding in the distance over the soft carpet of the level plain, murmuring a prayer of thanks for the success of the old guide's novel yet daring adventure in their balf

Old Occident's Stratagem.

BY OLL COOMES.

It was night upon the Grand Prairie of Nebraska, but it was some years ago—before the U. P. railroad had carried its civilizing influence over that vast domain of the wild buffalo and wilder savage. It was a March night, wild and tempestuous; so, at least, thought that little band of homesteaders that was encamped in the very heart of that great plain.

The party consisted of seven men, one of whom was Old Occident, a famous hunter, who was acting as guide for the others. Two wagons and a spring-board buggy, each drawn by two horses, composed the outfit of the homesteaders, as men seeking hemes upon the Government lands were called.

In leaving the settlement that morning, Occident felt satisfied of their ability to reach the

FOR GOLD

BY A. W. BELLAW.

To-night they wed me to the Earl;
Already in the hall
The throng is met; the dancers whirl
In rout and carnival;
And music's 'wildering soul is there,
And all but me are gay—
Alas, if ever my despair
Should greet another day!

What if be owns broad lands of worth,

Whith parks and palaces!
If he were master of the earth
My heart could not be his.
And he is old, and I am young—
Fool of my father's plot;
Withal he has a creel tongue—
And then, I love him not.

Alas, the world is weighed with wrong!
My little sweet desire
For life, howe er it pass along,
I see this night expire.
Oppression's self is everywhere;
The helpless heart is hers:
And to be sold for the Earl's gold
What can be worse, be worse!

Come, nurse, good nurse, and in my hair

For they may serve to make me fair A little longer yet. I hese pale white flowers wreathe 'round my

And leave the red at rest, whose color ill befits me now To wear on brow or breast.

Good nurse, good-by; your kindness done,
You hence need show no more;
To-night shall I be surelier won
By death than Evanore.
Nor friend have I in this distress,
And little aid I crave
From those around whom I hate less

To save or try to save.

They wait me in the hall? I go;
I am delaying late;
And they shall meet me coming slow
To lead me to my fate;
Bu: I'll not say the word that makes
My life from life apart,
Nor take the hateful hand that breaks
And ne'er can bless my heart.

For ere he touch these lips that speak,
To make his vow divine,
My lost breath shall have left them weak;
He ne'er shall murmur "mine."
I'll live not where I do not love,
Nor smile where I despise,
And Heaven is pitiful above
Though bitter earth denies.

[All rights to dramatization reserved by the author.]

Merle, the Mutineer:

THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR.

A Romance of Sunny Lands and Blue Waters. BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

UTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE S
ANGEL," "THE CORSAIRS OF HISTORY,"
"THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRETAN ROVER," "THE PIRATE
PRINCE," ETC, ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII. A USELESS APPEAL.

AT a very early hour, on the morning following the arrival of the cruiser of Captain De Silva, in the harbor of Havana, a volante drew up at the gateway of the Palacio of the Captain, or Governor-General of Cuba.

From the vehicle a lady, heavily vailed, alighted, and gave her card to the sentinel, who dispatched it by a sergeant in to the ruler of the ti-Gem of the Antilles."

In a few moments a young officer in gorgeous

In a few moments a young officer, in gorgeous uniform came forward, and bowing low, bade the lady follow him into the *Palacio*.

the lady follow him into the Pulacio.

Ascending the spacious stair-way to an upper corridor, upon the opposite side of which was a grand hall-way, the visitor was ushered out upon a cool veranda which opened upon a lovely garden, filled with orange and lemon trees, while the air was laden with the fragrance of innumerable and rare flowers.

Numberless fountains filled the garden, cooling the air, and the trees were thronged with singing birds, which made the place a very Eden, in which to while away the sultry hours of the day.

"I would see Merle the Muttneer," quenty said Rena, shuddering at the dismal surroundings with which she was encompassed.

Silently the old man led the way along a narrow passage, stopped at an iron door, and taking a key from his belt placed it in the lock.

There was a dim light within the cell—not from the fragrance of interest the dismal surroundings with which she was encompassed.

Silently the old man led the way along a narrow passage, stopped at an iron door, and taking a key from his belt placed it in the lock.

There was a dim light within the cell—not from the fragrance of the lock.

There was a dim light within the cell—not from the light of day, but from a lamp swinging in the lock here.

"A public execution, señor?"

"Oh, yes, lady—we dare not cheat the Havanes out of the show."

"Thank you, colonel; be good enough to give orders for mine and the padre's return to the cells of the prisoners, please."

"I will, lady."

"And, señor colonel, dine with my father and myself on hoard ship, on the day after to-mor-

Half-reclining upon a willow settee, upon which were silken cushions, the Governor-General was sipping black coffee, eating a hard, sweet biscuit, called a semilla, and now and then giving a whiff at a Regalia—a cigar seldom seen away from Havana, and a luxury indeed to the

As the lady approached, the governor threw away his cigar, and rising, met her with extended hand. Welcome, Señorita De Silva; this is indeed

an honor. Be seated and express how I can serve you, By the way, allow me to thank you

"I feel the interest of gratitude toward one who rendered me a service I shall never forget. Your Excellency is aware of the capture of the vessel I came from Spain in, by Freelance, the buccappage?"

"Yes, señorita, and that you recognized in the leader of these outlaws, one who served you; but what then, lady?"

"It is your intention, my father tells me, to have them all executed." "It is; at sunrise to-morrow they shall be ot; taken as pirates they shall be shot without

"There can be one exception, if your Excellency is so inclined to favor me."
"In anything but sparing the life of one of those wretches, yes, lady; but not in that, not in

This is your firm decision, Excellenza?"

"This is your firm decision, Exceuenza?"
"It is—irrevocably."
Rena De Silva knew the Governor-General too well to urge more, and felt that her appeal was useless; but she did not yet despair.
"Still, your Excellency, you will permit me to visit the prisoner, and carry with me a holy father to cheer his last hours; you will not deny

Assuredly not, señorita; they certainly deserve all the consolation the padre can give them, for their sins have been great, and if the Señorita De Silva wishes to thank, in person, one who has, I admit, greatly served her, I will give her carte blanche to visit the Moro.

"Don Fernando will be only too happy to

have the sunlight of so fair a face shine its gloomy walls." ing the compliment, Rena continued: One favor more, señor Excellency?

"Name it, señorita."
"It is to give the poor doomed men a respite until to-morrow night, at sunset."
"Why, señorita? Better have the matter over with."
"No; let them die with the dying day, not

with its beginning."
"You have some motive in this, señorita, I cannot fathom," and the Governor-General eyed

"A woman's motives, señor, are unfathom-able," smiled Rena.
"Granted. From Father Adam to our day, no man ever fully understood a woman," laughed

"We are discussing men now, señor; will you grant my request?"
"When I know what is the reason, señorita."
"That I cannot now tell, Excellenza; but it is a good one, and you are assuredly not afraid of a girl, that you refuse."

of everything that wears a petiticat," and his Excellency laughed half-seriously.

Then, as if askamed of his doubts, he con-

Then, as I amazine tinued:

"Certainly, señorita; it is only a few hours, more or less, and I will grant it; but when the wretches come to die in the evening they will be sorry they were not executed in the morning."

"True, and if led out in the morning, they would wish to live until evening, your Excel-

was just entering his quarters, and came hastily

forward. "Ah! the Senorita De Silva! Your slave,

He bowed low before the beauty and heiress, for he was a bachelor, under forty, handsome and a marrying man, if—he could marry a for-

Rena bestowed upon the handsome Spaniard her sweetest smile, and said, in her most dulcet tones: "Señor colonel, I have come to see one of

your prisoners—"
"Would that I were he, lady, be he whom he may!" gallantly said the commandant.
"I thank you, senof; but as this man dies tomorrow it would not be pleasant to change
places with him. I refer to Merle, the pirate of-

Ah, the mutineer?" "The same, sefor: he saved me from a sad fate once, and in his distress I have come with a holy padre to cheer him by a few words."
"Your bright eyes, Seforita De Silva, would unlock my lowest dungeon, and though against

"But I have here the permit I received from the hand of the Governor-General himself."

"Ab, I had hoped you felt that with me I needed no order, senorita; I will send the guard

Pardon, señor, I prefer to see him in his cell. I have a curiosity to behold the interior of this gloomy old pile. Ah! what troops of ghosts must throng these corridors at night," and Rena

Calling a soldier the commandant bade him conduct the maiden and *padre* to the cells of the mutineers, for he felt that his presence was of desired.

Through interminable passages, gloomy and proboding down stone stairways, and far

foreboding, down stone stairways, and far from the light of day, the guide led the way, until they came to a large room on the right.

"This is the guard-room, lady; we will find here the jailer of this tier of cells," and the soldier, excusing himself, soon returned with an old man, bearded and stern.

"Padro the selventie her orders from the com-

"Pedro, the senorita has orders from the com-mandant to you." Thy servant, lady," and the old jailer bow-

ed. ed.
"I would see Merle the Mutineer," quietly said Rena, shuddering at the dismal surroundings with which she was encompassed.
Silently the old man led the way along a narrow passage, stopped at an iron door, and taking a key from his belt placed it in the lock

Quickly, as his eyes fell upon Rena, he sprung to his feet. You here, lady, here in this-I almost said row hell on earth?" and there was a bitterness in the tones of the voice that bespoke a heart deeply

"Yes; you served me once, and I have come to cheer your last hours on earth. Jailer, I will call you when I need you," and a purse of gold was thrust into the hand of the old man.

A gleam of joy flashed in his eyes, and he said,

So be it, lady; I do not fear death," calmly said Merle

to save yo

"To this demand Captain Freelance demur-red, until he saw that trouble would follow, and then he said he would hold you, and the

cabin was to be kept inviolate to you, as long as you remained on the schooner.

"But I, who told you that the chief said you should remain, was moved by your pitcous face, and demanded your release of Captain Free-lance, by the love he held for me.

"He yielded, lady, paying from his own treasure-box, the ransom demanded by the crew, and you sailed in the same vessel that had brought ou from Spain. No, no, lady, Captain Free-ance never wronged a woman, buccaneer hough he was: he risked his life in the search or gold for which he did not care; but he was a capable of a mean action; he was a free-rover y force of circumstances, and for love of the rild life of danger, he led it; had you seen im you would have known it to be so, but he was wounded when your vessel was taken, and is first officer was in command."

"How, lady, may I ask?"
"This holy monk is my friend—nay, I may as well tell all—he was my mother's lover, but, when he found she did not return his love, he left the world for the seclusion of the church, and he is willing to serve me for my mother's

"And for your own, daughter," said the monk, in deep, yet not unmusical tones.

"Thanks, Holy Father, I feel that you will serve me, for you have proven it in coming here."

"Señor," and she again turned to Merle;
"Señor," and she again turned to Merle;
"How many for a crew have you?"
"Dere's one nice young white man, Mister

"A girl is a woman, seforita, and I am afraid everything that wears a petticoat," and his xcelleney laughed half-seriously.

Then, as if askamed of his doubts, he con-

"Lady, you mistake me," and Merle spoke with offended pride.

Nay, listen, no harm will befall the Holy "Lady, I knew well the Governor-General—the padre would not be protected by his sacred position."

"True, and if led out in the incomposition of the property of the permit for myself and a padre to visit the Moro."

"Ah, yes, I will order it at once," and calling to a slave, dressed in muslin trowsers and jacket, he bade him summon his aide-de-camp.

The same efficer who had ushered Rena into the presence of the Governor-General at once appeared.

"Señor Rafael, bid my secretary write a bid not like to see any man die, especially one who has good in his heart, and only God knows what has driven you to the life you lead."

The monk spoke impressively, and Merle "The monk spoke impressively, and Merle"

the purpose of seeing the pirates just incarcerated there."

The officer bowed, and soon returned with the
permit, and placed a gold inkstand, and quill
pen beside the Governor, who at once attached
his name to the paper.

Thanking him, Rena arose and departed from
the Palacio, and entering her volante, drove
rapidly away into the heart of the city.

An hour after the same volante rolled beneath
the massive gateway of the Castle El Moro, and
drew up in front of the commandant's quarters.
From the vehicle descended a padre of the
monkish order and the Señorita De Silva.

Don Fernando Miguel, Colonel Commandant
of the Moro, caught sight of the fair form, as he
was just entering his quarters, and came hastily

"No, I will not escape while another suffers."
"Senor, I will not suffer; before I am discovered to be other than yourself, the senorita will see the Governor-General, and to-night I will be secretly led from this cell."

Merle shock his bend divisioner. Merle shook his head dubiously "Señor, I am more than I seem—I tell you no harm shall befall me."

Again Merle's answer was a shake of the head.

head.

"Señor, I am a monk, yes; but I am also the brother of the Governor-General of Cuba."

The prisoner started, and Rena said quickly:

"Now, señor, that you know the holy father will be safe, you will not refuse my appeal?"

"Yes, lady; I will not escape and leave one of the brave men who are my fellow prisoners here to die."

Both Rena and the monk saw that Merle was determined, and they turned sadly away. CHAPTER XXIV.

As if wholly out of patience with Merle's re-usal to fly from his fate, Rena De Silva and the conk turned from the cell; but outside in the assageway they halted, and held a conversa-ion in a low tone, and in the Italian tongue, saring some cave drowner might he near for fearing some eavesdropper might be near, for Spanish walls are certainly blessed with ears. "It is the only chance to save him, and a des-perate one; we will see what we can do," said

Rena; and turning to the prisoner, she con-Be hopeful, señor: we are still your friends.

We will see you again."
Calling the old jailer, who had been engaged in the delightful employment of counting his gold, the monk and the maiden retraced their way to the guard-room, where they were met by the soldier, who guided them back to daylight

Well, señorita, you saw the mutineer?" asked

"Well, señorita, you saw the mutineer?" asked the colonel commandant.

"Thank you, yes, señor, and I am coming again to see him; I do hope the Governor-General will spare his life."

"It is worth being a pirate to excite your sympathy, fair señorita."

"Always given to pretty speeches, señor colonel; by the way, have you orders yet regarding the execution of these men?"

"Yes, señorita, I just received them from the Palacto—they die to-morrow evening at sunset, and the marines of your noble father's vessel are to be their executioners, in honor of the

myself, on board ship, on the day after to-mor-

With pleasure, senorita," said the delighted "You are a great sailor, señorita; you spend half of your time on the cruiser, though you have the handsomest home in Havana."
"Yes, I love blue water, señor commandant.

Remember your engagement. Adius."

The volante rolled away, and Rena said:
"I have now all the information desired, and as he turned away:

"I will be within call, lady."

As soon as he had gone Rena closed the door and turned the key in the lock; then she confronted the prisoner, upon whose pale face the dim light, penetrating the iron grating of the door, rested.

"Señor, I begged for your life, but it was useless, and to-morrow at sunset you are doomed to die."

"So be it lady: I do not feer death," colors."

"I have now all the information desired, and we must work at once on our plan. You say the schooner lies just under the cliff, padre?"

"Yes, I observed it there in my early walk this morning; it is most hazardous indeed, yet it is the only chance."

"A desperate one; but any chance is better than none; did you tell the coachman where to drive?"

"I did."

'So be it, lady; I do not fear death," calmly d Merle.

In half an hour the vehicle drew up on the shore, and opposite a little indenture of the land, where several vessels were at anchor.

'No, lady, you must not get vourself into

to save you."

"No, lady, you must not get yourself into trouble on my account."

"Listen, Señor Merle, once you saved my honor, nay, my life, for I would have died ere I became the bride of that vile man—"

"Pardon, señorita," and Merle spoke in the pure Castilian tongue. "Pardon, señorita, you were in, for no harm would have befallen you, upon my honor; we captured your vessel, and the men demanded that you should be held for ransom, for some of them knew the wealth of your family.

"To this demand Captain Freelance demurred, until he saw that trouble would follow,"

"In this the vessel I referred to, daughter," and the padre pointed to a graceful schooner yacht, lying a cable's length from the shore.

"I has the American flag flying—that is in our favor."

"I hope so— Ah, my man, do you belong on yonder yacht?" and the monk turned to a negro that approached, and who was attired in a blue sailor suit and tarpaulin.

It was none other than Dave, and a devout Catholic—as are many of the colored race on the Gulf shores. He turned and crossed himself with one hand, at sight of the monk, while he saluted Rena politely with the other.

By adroit questioning, Rena learned from By adroit questioning, Rena learned from Dave what had brought the yacht to Havana, and that Captain Grenville and the ladies were

then in the city at a hotel, awaiting the arrival of the vessels that had been sent in pursuit of To h. r. joy also, Rena learned that Dave was a true friend of Merle, for he bitterly denounced Wilber Sebastian.

"You would do much to serve your young

master, then?" asked Rena.
"I risk dis ole head o' mine, missy, to sabe one ob my massas, and I would do it to sabe massa Merie." Rena turned to the padre, who did not speak

English, and interpreted all that had been said, and the two conversed together for awhile.

Then Rena spoke again to Dave:

"You say that yacht belongs to your young mester."

Merle spoke with warm feeling in defense of his dead chief and father, and Rena believed his and replied:

"If he were to board it suddenly, and ten you to put to sea, what would you do?"

"Obey him, missy! Wish he try me; but dey to be choosed, an' I jist lef' de hotel words, and replied:
"I am glad to know that Freelance was not as black as he was painted; still, you served me, and I have come to save your life, señor."

Say he is to be shooted, an' I jist lef' de hotel what am massa, an' he mighty mad kase de and I have come to save your life, señor."

Gub'nor-Gin'ral say he won't wait for de skun-

"Yas, missy."
"Have the cable ready to slip, and the sails *And for your own, daughter," said the ready to run up in an instant, and be on the alert to-morrow—nay, all the time. Is the yacht

Ainslie, de mate, an' me, an' half a dozen nig-

gers."

"All of them true to your young master?"

"De niggers is, missy; guess de mate would be, too."

be, too."

"Very well, here is a little present for you. Remember, be on the watch," and slipping several pieces of gold into Dave's honest palm, the maiden bade the coachman drive down to the pier, in front of which lay her father's vessel.

Here Rena alighted, signaled a boat, and was rowed on board the cruiser, the padre awaiting ashore in the volante for her.

"Is my father on board, senor?" she asked of the officer who came after her in the boat.

"He is not, senorita."

He is not, senorita."
And the senor, Capitan Angelos?"
He is, lady."

"Bid him come to me in the cabin, please."
In a few moments the officer sent for, a captain of marines, entered, and found the maiden pacing the cabin nervously; her face was pale, excepting two red spots that burned upon either

He was a young man, under thirty, and with a tall, elegant form. His face was very dark, handsome and full of

A dashing, splendid fellow, was Andrea Angelos, and one who had won his rank by gallantry, for he was a Cuban, and not a Spaniard, and upon that score Captain De Silva had objected to him as a suitor for his daughter's hand. As for Rena, she had shown him no more preference than she had a hundred others, and upon his offering himself, had refused him.

"Be seated, Señor Capitan."

"Not while you stand, señorita."

Rena threw herself into an easy-chair, and the young officer followed her example.

"Señor, you once did me the honor of saying you loved me?" and the maiden's face now crimsoned.

crimsoned.
"I told but the truth, señorita."

"And now, señor?" The officer seemed surprised; but he answered:

señorita."
"Will you prove your love for me, Andrea Angelos?⁶⁶
"Ay, lady, that will I," was the eager re-

"You are honored, I believe, by being selected to execute the mutineers, on to-morrow after-

I am, señorita."

"I am, señorita."
"The place of execution is the plateau outside of the city walls, and fronting on the sea?"
"It is, lady."
"Now, Andrea Angelos, listen to me, and if you do as I ask you, I promise to become your wife whenever you name the day."
Andrea Angelos sprung to his feet in delighted astonishment.

"Hear me. If you refuse, swear that you will not betray me in anything that I may do."
"I swear it, lady; how can I serve you?
Name it, for I consent."
Rena De Silva leaned forward and whispered

Rona De Silva leaned forward and whispered to the young officer a bold plan she had formed for the escape of Merle the Mutineer.

"If that fails he is lost," she said to the now surprised but delighted officer.

"And you have promised, Senor Angelos?"

"I have, by the sainted Virgin!"

"Then I shall keep my promise and become your wife. Now see me to my boat."

The young officer escorted the maiden to the waiting barge, and raised his hat as she rowed shoreward, a happy look upon his face, as he muttered: muttered:
"I would risk ten times as much for her, no-

ble girl that she is!"

Had he heard the muttered words of Rena, as she left the vessel's side, he would have been

she left the vessel's side, he would have been even happier:

"It is no concession on my part to marry him, for I have loved him from the first time we met, and I only refused him because I did not wish to be yet bound by an engagement."

The padre was patiently awaiting her, and entering the vahicle it rolled off again toward the Moro.

Driving through the gateway the padre sprung from the volante, leaving the maiden The permit of the Governor-General gained

him at once permission to again visit the prison-er, and he was absent an hour, during which time Rena awaited him in the carriage, listen-ing to the complimentary discourse of the colo-nel-commandant, who spied the De Silva livery on the coachman and came out.

"I have given the poor men what consolation I could, daughter."

It was plain that the was destined to be a light of surprises.

Hurriedly the chief proceeded to examine the It was the deep voice of the padre behind the commandant, who seemed reluctant that the holy father's spiritual advice had not continued

longer.
"You saw him!" was the maiden's eager question as they drove away.
"Yes, and told him our plan."

"Hese, and told him our plan."

"Bueno! and the others?"

"I visited the cell of each of the condemned, daughter, and they all know what to expect."

"Oh! how I thank you, and I will give to your Order a handsome golden souvenir. I do trust all may go well now."

"I hope so, daughter. The hour will be in their favor."

"I memesely: what strange feeling cayed."

"Immensely; what strange feeling caused me to beg the Governor-General for a respite until sunset I cannot understand; I wanted to gain time, I suppose, for I had no other motive though he suspected me of having. Again let me thank you, and here I will leave you, and my carriage can drive you back to the monastery.

maiden left the vehicle at the water's edge, and the priest was driven to his gloomy home in the abodes of a monastery (To be continued—commenced in No. 457.)

The Fresh of Frisco;

The Heiress of Buenaventura.

A Story of Southern California. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

THOR OF "THE WOLF-DEMON," "INJUN DICK,"
THE POLICE SPY," "THE WITCHES OF NEW THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA, 'PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE MA FROM TEXAS," "ACE OF SPADES," "OWLS OF NEW YORK,"

> CHAPTER XVII. THE ESCAPE.

THE ESCAPE.

The timely suggestion of the masked chief proved the salvation of the disguised men, for, by throwing themselves flat upon their faces, they were enabled to breathe with comparative ease, for the strange vapor which had arisen so suddenly, and in such a mysterious way, from the furnace obeyed the stringent law of nature and floated toward the roof of the cavern. So decree was the vapor-like smoke that, even

So dense was the vapor-like smoke that, even the blazing torches failed to make an impression upon it, and like lights burning in a fog, were

walled in by leaden gloom.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the disguised man, who had stood by the side of the masked judge, and who, in throwing himself upon the floor had still kept near to the chief.

"The flend only knows!" the judge replied,

angrily.
"Do you suppose that the Indian had anything to do with it?"
"Perhaps," and then a sudden thought flashed over the speaker's mind. "Why, it is a thousand to one that he produced it."

"Produced it—how?"

"Cast some drug into the furnace; these peons are skilled in herbs and roots, and I have often heard that this José was a mighty medicineman; the cunning rascal has overreached us."

"But I do not understand-what can he gain

"But I do not understand—what can he gain by this trick?"

"Liberty; he saw that we were disposed to push him to the quick, and as he was not able to oppose force he tried what cunning would effect. This is an old cave, you know; it was here when the town was first settled; it is evidently an old mine, for it bears marks of having been worked; no white men though ever had a hand in it; it is one of the secret mines of the Indians, for the very entrance to it even is carefully hidden, and it was only by accident that I stumbled upon it, and I have kept the knowledge of the mountain passage within my own breast. I caused the underground way to the Alcalde's Ranch to be constructed, for I saw how useful the cavern would prove. Now it is just possible that this lying seamp of a red-skin knows all the ins and outs of the cave much better than I do. If you remember, when the men went to fetch him a minute or so ago he was not there, and when I went myself and saw him lying curled up on the floor. I believed that they had carelessly overlooked him, although I could not very well understand how they could do such a thing. They protested stoutly that they had used their eyes as well as they knew how, and that when they had gone the first time the cell was empty. Of course I cursed them for a couple of careless rascals, but I am satisfied now that they spoke the truth. The peon was not there. He knows some secret passage which leads from that little cave. It is probable that, in the old time, this cavern was not only a mine but served as a place of refuge for the red-men in the time of danger, and that is the reason why all the winding passages, which apparently lead nowhere—the end being barred by the solid rock—were constructed. Each and every one had some secret outlet skillfully constructed, and so cunningly arranged as to baffle the most searching eyes. You have followed me in this?"

"Yes, and you think the Indian, perceiving that you intended to force the secret of Miguel Scott from him, resolved to escape rather

"Exactly: he has taken advantage of the darkness which he produced by casting some drug into the furnace fire, to escape, and the chances are a thousand to one that already he is

far beyond our reach."
"The vapor is losing its force; soon we will know the truth."

know the truth."

Such was the fact; the peculiar smoke, so pungent in its character, was slowly fading away, and breathing was no longer oppressive.

"Suppose that the Indian has escaped?"

"We hold the boy, though; and this desperate sharp, who is so handy with both his tongue and his weapons," the judge replied, and there was a menace in his tone which boded no good to either the Californian or to the outspoken Fresh er the Californian, or to the outspoken Fresh

The vapor grew thinner and thinner, the light of the torches began to again illuminate the dark recesses of the cavern, and like so many dark and horrid reptiles the prostrate Black men of Tejon lifted up their heads and glared

around them.

The judge was right; no Indian was to be seen; the peon had taken advantage of the vapor to wriggle away in the darkness. It was quite plain that El Embustero was no stranger to the secrets of the cavern.

Again the disquised men stood upon their feet

secrets of the cavern.

Again the disguised men stood upon their feet and blinked in each other's faces like so many owls, brought suddenly from darkness into light. These bold, rough men, desperadoes of the worst type, equally reckless of their own lives and of the lives of others, suddenly comprehended that they had escaped, as it were, from the very shadow of death. They understood that, if the Indian had used double the quantity of powder than he had cast upon the furnace fire, not a man in the room would have escaped to tell the tale, but that one and all would have perished by suffocation. There were white faces then under the black hoods, and drunken José, the Liar, suddenly became exalted into a foe of no mean ability.

The judge resumed his place upon the rocky there.

The judge resumed his place upon the rocky

"Bring out both the boy and the man," he commanded. "We have no time to spare, now, for morning is not far off, and we must get to the bottom of this business before day breaks."

The officers departed to carry out the orders, but in a few seconds they came rushing back in a mazement.

amazement.
"Both are gone!" they cried.
"Gone!" exclaimed the chief, and the rest of the gang recchoed the words.
It was plain that this was destined to be a

ave cells in person, trusting to fir baleep in some corner, as, but a short time pre-vious, he had discovered the peon.

But the search was a fruitless one, this time.

Not the slightest trace of either one could be found. Both the Californian and the adventurer had disappeared, and as mysteriously as though they had melted into the solid rock.

The masked men searched high and they searched low; every hollow passage in the cells, big enough to allow a rabbit to go through, they tried, but if there was a secret outlet, and there was very little doubt that one did exist somewhere where, it was too cunningly contrived to be

discovered by mortal eyes.

Baffled in their search the masked men returned to the main cavern and there held a consultation, the result of which the reader will see

And now we will return to the two prisoners and relate the manner of their escape from their

the Black Men, upon being conducted to his cell again, immediately began to prepare himself to pass the night in comfort, for a true son of the border was he, and no matter how rough the acodations he always endeavored to make the

Hardly had he camped himself down in a snug corner of the cave when he was suddenly astonished by hearing a slight noise as though a stromished by hearing a slight noise as though a from some considerable hight, but, whether animal or human, he knew not.

His deaths were seen solved, though for with

His doubts were soon solved, though, for with a stealthy step the thing approached him, evidently able to see in the dark, and Blake braced

himself for a struggle.

"No hurt white man—me friend!"

In a hoarse whisper came the words, and extremely reassuring was the sentence, too.

"Well, I want friends just now, if ever a man

did," Blake replied.
"You friend—Miguel Scott, eh?" questioned "You friend—Miguel Scott, eh?" questioned the mysterious stranger.

"If by Miguel Scott you mean that young Californian, I think I can answer safely that I am his friend, for I like the lad, and I would go out of my way to do him a service."

"You no want to stay here, eh?"

"Not much!" replied Blake, emphatically.

"S'pose I gette you out, you fight for Miguel Scott, eh?" questioned the voice, anxiously.

"Yes, that's a bargain; you get me out and I'll stand up for the boy like a brother."

"Good! Me gette you out!"

"But, who are you?"

"Jose, the Liar! Wait, me come back soon."

'And then Blake heard the sound of retreating footsteps, followed by a peculiar sound as though the man was scrambling up the side of the wall.

Then all was still.

the Liar, eh?" Blake muttered. "I

ope, on this occasion, though, my gentle friend vill belie his name." Blake waited in patience, and at last his vigil

Blake waited in patience, and at last his vigil was rewarded.

As the chief of the masked men had conjectured, the Indian did throw a powdered drug upon the furnace fire, thus producing the vapor; then under cover of the gloom, he had glided away, entered the cave-cell where Blake was confined, released him from the pi ions which bound him and instructed him how to scale the side of the cave, to the secret passage, the entrance to which was some eight feet from the floor. Then he conducted him straight to the cave where the Californian was confined, freed the lad from the lariats which bound him, and

trick, aided by his wonderful knowledge of the underground passages, had saved the lives of the two captives.

"Well, old fellow, you have done us a good turn, to-night!" Blake exclaimed. "I say us," he continued, turning to the Californian, "for I presume that you were in a tight place, too?"

"Indeed I was," the youth replied, frankly, "and I trust that it will be many a long day before I come as near to death as I have been this night."

night."
"I for one won't forget it, my red friend,"
Blake observed, "and the day may come when I
can repay the service. "If it ever does, rest assured you may command me, even to the shedding of the last drop of blood within my veins."
No heedless speech or empty boast was this.
The Fresh of Frisco meant every word of it, and he was one of that kind of men who made good their word with their blood.
"And I, sir, owe you a debt of gratifude no

"And I, sir, owe you a debt of gratitude no less great than this gentleman!" the youth cried; "and I, too, am willing at any time to risk my life to pay the debt."

The old Indian wagged his head in a very peculiar way.

The old Indian wagged his head in culiar way.

"Me no want nothing, nohow," he replied.

"Me, long time ago, Michael Scott man—no forget cattle-king of Buenaventura. See! his face live again here!" and the Indian pointed to the youth. And this was really a wonderful stretch of the imagination, for there could be but very little resemblance between the young, smooth-faced boy and the grim, old, bearded cattle-king of Buenaventura.

of Buenaventura.

The dark eyes of the youth glistened and he

The dark eyes of the youth glistened and he made an impatient gesture.

The Indian misunderstood the youth.

"Be no 'fraid!" he cried; "be friend," and he pointed to Blake. "Big chief—fight for you; you need heap friend to fight ladrones dere," and with his skinny fore-finger the red-man pointed down the mountain-side to where the quiet town of Tejon Camp lay sleeping in the mountains.

moonlight.

"This gentleman is a stranger to me," the Californian remarked, a peculiar expression upon the olive-tinged, resolute face. "Already he has ventured his life in my quarrel, and to ask him to do more would be to place myself under a weight of obligation which in the future might crush me to the very ground."

"Your life José save!" the Indian exclaimed, forcibly, shaking his skinny fore-finger at Blake. "What for you do for dat, eh?"

"Anything you like!" the Fresh replied, on the instant.

the instant.
"You fight for him if I say so, eh?" and José

"You fight for him if I say so, eh?" and Jose pointed to the Californian.
"To the death!" Blake answered, promptly.
"It is good; your fadder was my master," said the Indian, addressing the youth. "Old José live to be a t'ousand years he nebber forget old cattle-king."
"But my name is not Miguel Scott; I am not the son of the cattle-king of Buenaventura; you are laboring under a delusion!" the youth exclaimed, evidently the prey of strong excitement.

The Indian wagged his head sagely. It was quite plain that the denial of the youth had no more effect upon him than the whisper of the breeze sighing through the pines of the mountain side.

That is right," he muttered, with a cunning leer; "your secret—hide it tight—tell it not even to the winds, for who knows when it may be betrayed? Old José know it—this North be betrayed? Old José know it—this North American, he knowit—no one else. Good! You need money. José know where the gold lies hid in the mountain pocket. He know, too, where, in the heart of the mountain, the old cattle-king cached his treasures. When old red-beard die José will speak," and the peon pointed down into the valley, thus plainly indicating that by old red-beard he meant Alexander Black, the alcalde of Tejon Camp.

"What has his death to do with the secret?" the Californian demanded, in wonder.

The Indian shook his head, put his finger upon his lips as if to entreat silence, and then with a guttural "good-by," shook both their hands and glided away it to the forest, vanishing amid the pines lik—a specter.

Blake and the Californian looked at each

ing amid the pines lik a specter.

Blake and the Californian looked at each

other in amazement.
"A little touched in the upper story, eh?" sug-

"It would seem so," the Californian replied.
"Well, crazy or not, he has done us a good turn this night, and I will not forget it if the chance ever comes for me to return the service. Ye learned a thing or two in the last few hours. These Tejon Camp cutthroats have caught me napping once but they will never get a second opportunity."

"And so say I!" exclaimed the youth; "and yet I must brave their power whether I will or no, for I have business in yonder camp, and I must pursue it even at the risk of life."

Well, my friend, what say you now: shall go on together or separate here and say d-by?" Blake asked, regarding the youth

vith an earnest, inquiring look.
"That is as you say."
"As I say, eh?" Blake repeated, reflectively.
'You know the Californian custom, I sup-

"I am not sure that I understand to which

one you refer."
"Why, in this wild, rude land two men come
together, by accident or by design; they become
companions, partners, brothers; and oftentimes the tie thus hastily formed is as enduring a one as that cemented by blood relationship. And now, what say you—shall we be partners, brothers, each for the other and both for one?" inful expression swept over the clive-

tinged face.

"Oh! but it is not right to drag you into my quarrel!" the youth exclaimed. "I come on a desperate mission, and in attempting to gain the end I seek I shall undoubtedly rouse against the end I seek I shall undoubtedly rouse against the came of outthe end I seek I shall undoubtedly rouse against me all the ruffianly villains of this camp of out-laws!" and as he spoke the Californian shook his clenched fist at the sleeping town below. "Already you have put your life in peril on my account; why, then, should I seek to embroil you further? Why not attempt to tread my own daugerous life path alone, and then, if I fail in my design, and perish by the hands of these wild and desperate men, no life but my se wild and desperate men, no life but my

these wild and desperate men, no life but my own will be sacrificed?"

"You are, then, Miguel Scott, the son of this old cattle-king of Buenaventura, and you seek the secret treasure hidden in the mountains, in regard to which the old Indian spoke; and, if I guess the situation rightly, this alcalde of Tejon Camp is also after the treasure, and that is the reason why the attack was made upon us tonight in the Alcalde's Ranch," Blake said, slowly.

"Well, what is it?"

"It will be necessary for you to join the outlaw band, or otherwise I cannot trust you with the secret of their mountain retreat."

"I will join them," the Californian answered, promptly. "What care I? If I win my fight, I shall be rich enough to give them a fortune apiece, and if I understand human nature aright, the band will dissolve immediately when each member has money enough to seek

aright, the band will dissolve immediately when each member has money enough to seek a civilized home, either in this land or another; and if I fail, I shall probably meet my death at the hands of my brutal foes, and then what matter oaths and secrets to me?"

"You reason shrewdly; and with the aid of my Wolves I think the chances are ten to one that you will win!" Blake cried, impressed with the spirit of the youth. "And now, let's be off, for we have some miles to cover. You have faced the Black Men of Tejon to-night; now try the Wolves, and see if they won't treat you better!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

An Odd Character.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

Whatever faults "Young Joe" Robidoux may have had, a lack of patriotism was not among them. When the la e civil war broke out, Joe, though then far beyond the prime of life, was one of the first who enlisted in the —th Missouri. Almost the entire regiment, but the company in particular to which Joe belonged, was composed of men from in and around St. Joe, so that the veteran's many foibles were treated with greater leniency than would otherwise have been the case.

Joe had his own ideas of warfare, learned among the red-skins of the trapping-grounds, and no amount of drilling could change his ideas of what was right and judicious to do when the angry bullets were whistling overhead.

head.

It was at the battles of Glasgow and Lexington, Missouri, that Young Joe was given his first taste of civilized warfare. At the first crack of a gun, Joe broke ranks and dove for cover with a celerity wonderful in one of his

As this was the first "fiery baptism" of war for the greater portion of the company, Cap-tain T. sternly ordered Joe back to the ranks, naturally fearful that one example would cor-rupt his entire force; but Joe felt better satis-fied where he was, and with one of his peculiar crips, replied:

fied where he was, and with one of his peculiar grins, replied:

"Not mooch, old man! You sink me pig fool? Sharge, boys! run zem over—I keep you cover? here wiz my rifle—sharge!"

The skirmish was hot and closely contested, but the boys in blue remained in possession of the ground. When the roll was called, Young Joe was missing, and as his body was not among the killed or wounded, it was supposed that he had changed his base and fallen to the rear. Two days later, as the regiment was falling into rank, to take the road to Lexington, Joe made his appearance in his old place. Captain T. sternly asked where he had been. Grinning, Joe replied:

Joe replied:
"You tell-a us, zat time, 'Boys, you fight and

pray, hard? Zey all forget but me, so, while zey fight, I go down in ze hole onder ze house, and pray like ze diable!"

At Lexington, Joe played a more manful part, and at the close of the first day, he was publicly complimented by his captain for setting so good an example to his younger com-

me awful sick at ze stomaque—so sick I sink I

me awful sick at ze stomaque—so sick I sink I going to die, begare!"

Among the few who escaped being captured at Lexington was Captain T., thanks to his good horse. He rode long and hard, but was finally forced to pause, to breathe his charger. While slowly moving along, a strange-looking object in the top of a tall tree arrested his wandering gaze, and with wild visions of ruthless bushwhackers flashing through his mind, he urged his tired steed onward, followed by a wild yell that by no means tended to lessen his speed.

That supposed bushwhacker was none other than Whisky Joe, who, watching his opportunity, had stolen away from the spot where matters where growing too hot to be comfortable, and climbing a tree as the safest place to take a

ters where growing too hot to be comfortable, and climbing a tree as the safest place to take a rest, was only aroused from sound repose by the precipitate flight of his captain.

The alarm was contagious, and hastily descending from his perch, Joe fled at full speed from the imaginary pursuers. With every stride, his panic increased. He dropped his musket, then his pistols and belt, which in turn were followed by his coat, and had the old fellow's wind not failed him, he might soon have enacted the rôle of a masculine Godiva, so far as the style of dress was concerned.

It was fortunate that Joe gave out just as he did, for, within five miuntes after he sunk breathless in a clump of bushes beside the road, three horsemen, dressed in gray, came in sight, the leader bearing a five-gallon keg upon the saddle before him.

saddle before him.

They came to a halt, almost directly in front of the old man, glancing first to one side of the road and then to the other, as if in doubt which course to pursue. Only for a moment, then they struck into the woods, heading almost directly for the spot where Joe lay in fear and trembling, passing by his covert so closely that, had he tried, he could have touched the nearest horse as it strode by: so close that he heard the

horse as it strode by; so close that he heard the musical gurgle of the liquid contents of the keg. The effect of that sound was truly remarkable. The old man's fears were utterly forgotten. He only remembered that full three days had elapsed since a drop of liquor passed his lips; that the three Confederate soldiers ahead of him have the other which always have a doubt conthat the three Confederate soldiers ahead of him bore a keg which, almost beyond a doubt, contained some kind of spirituous liquor.

Cautiously Joe left his covert, and began trailing the soldiers by ear. He was acting purely by instinct. He had not considered what he should do. There was liquor before him, and that was sufficient for the time being.

The task of trailing was not a long one. In a few minutes Joe heard the soldiers stop and dismount, and his ear told him that they were

then plunging into another secret passage, led the way to the outer air, and after some lifteen or twenty minutes' walk, through the underground passages, came out on the mountain-side in a little grove of scrubby pines, high up above the town of Tejon Camp, which was plainly visible to the eyes of the three, bathed in the rays of the pale moonlight afar down in the valley.

THE COMPACT.

For the first time the escaped prisoners looked upon the face of their rescuer, José, the peon—José, the Liar—who possessed such a wonderful knowledge of the secret passages of the underground judgment-hall of the Black Men of Tejon.

The old Indian, scantily clad, with his long black hair streaming down upon his shoulders from under his ragged-edged sombrero, looked like anything but a hero, but there was no disputing the fact that the peon, with his cuming pitick, aided by his wonderful knowledge of the underground passages, had saved the lives of the two captives.

"Use of the way in the heavens, witnessed the owneal of the black she of the owneal of the black by the appetizing smell which the favoring break every well by the appetizing smell which the favoring break one of them to be the town a plainly visible to the eyes of the three, bathed in the rays of the pale moonlight afar down in the valley.

The ECOMPACT.

When are the caped prisoners looked upon the face of their rescuer, José, the peon—"The men I speak to his notella, with the stip will back my quarrel and help me to fight whey will back my quarrel and help me to fight these will his robber town!"

The old Indian, scantily clad, with his long black hair streaming down upon his shoulders from under his ragged-edged sombrero, looked like anything but a hero, but there was no disputing the fact that the peon, with his cuming trick, aided by his wanderful the visit of the with first will have been actually heroicf. He was so described in the same of the place of the was so disputed to the place of the with first will have been actually heroicf the will have a subti

took one long drink, then, using strips cut from their own clothing, bound his captives securely hand and foot. hand and foot.

Ten minutes later, a scouting party of Federal soldiers, whose curiosity had been awakened by the pistol-shot in a region where martial law was in force, looked out upon a quaintly ri-

Joe and his captives were seated around the Joe and his captives were seated around the keg, playing cards "for the drinks." As his were the only hands at liberty, Joe dealt for all, facing all cards but his own, and, with a cocked pistol lying before him, politely advising each captive in turn which card he had better play. It is hardly necessary to add that the drinks were all won and disposed of by the one man. From this exploit, Joe gained not a little notoriety, and as long as he served in the army, he was a privileged character. At times he did good service, especially as a scout and spy, but that was only when it was impossible to procure liquor.

that was only when it was impossible to procure liquor.

He was finally discharged at St. Louis, with several hundred dollars in back pay. An hour afterward he had not a cent left. A well-dressed stranger met him, one hand over his eye, in great apparent pain, and begged him to extract a cinder from his eye. Kind-hearted Joe sought for it in vain, and while doing so, the stranger quietly picked his pocket.

Ashamed of being duped, Joe kept the story secret and started on foot for St. Joseph, and walked every step of the way, old as he was.

It may be as well to add that I learned what is here set down from the lips of the old man himself, and have no doubt of its truth.

Fashion Chat.

SHAWL shaped collars are new items connected with cloak-making. In size they are made to suit the shoulders and figure of the wearer. BEAUTIFUL ball dresses are of shaded plush, reproducing all the tints of moss. They are called moss dresses and are fastened with che-nille buttons and trimmed with chenille fringe

to match. THE Polonaise is by no means discarded, though the adoption of the short dress has somewhat interfered with its popularity for the street. With demi-trained skirts it is altogether

pretty and stylish. DARK materials are often relieved with small quantity of gold or of bright-colored silk. Plaids are still fashionable, but not bright ones; their colors are blended one into the other, in the same way as stripes.

In bonnets, the latest form is the Pamela, made in bronze velvet, trimmed with burnished gold ornaments and with a shot satin, called the sublime, which is totally distinct in color on the two sides and is very soft in texture.

Fine white cashmeres, and all wool delaines, fashionably called India mouselines, make some of the handsomest toilets worn by young ladies this winter; they are soft and creamy in color, and are almost universally becoming. SMALL pendants shaped like acorns or tassels are sold by the dozen to be sewn among the plaits of lace trimming; many ladies buy plain passementerie trimming and sew on these pendants themselves. Small grass tassels are also used for the sewn

used for the same CLUSTERS of ribbons are again employed at the back of the neck, and loops of the same are placed inside and drawn through buttonholes on the fronts of basques, etc. The width of the ribbon is not over half an inch, and the fashion shows one or two shades of ribbon.

Among materials that occupy a prominent place in costume goods, are the pekinades; these come in silk, satin or woolen and silk mixed; the effect is rich and somewhat resembles in texture the bourette goods, although this is formed by the raised work and not by the colors.

BUTTONS form one of the most important trimmings of both dresses and street garments, and both medium sized flat ones and the small bullet shapes are used. Metal buttons, colored glass ones in garnet, blue and other shades are used, as also crochet, horn, pearl and nickel. Gilt buttons are very popular for plaid costumes.

Some of the newest bamboo chairs have a bolster cushion for the upper portion of the back, which with the seat is intended to be covered with needlework; and some of the prettiest cushions are made long and narrow, not as here-tofore square, of cloth covered with close set embroidery, and bordered all around with soft woolen tassels of delicate mixtures of color.

Woolen tassels of delicate mixtures of color.

The newest fringe for trimming cloaks and dresses of rich silks, satin or velvet is called seal-skin fringe, and is made of very fine chenille strands, hanging straight, without a heading. The effect is soft and rich, especially in black and old gold shades. Other chenille fringes are mixed with beads and with silk; the chenille is in clusters, and the silk is netted as a heading in the meshes.

heading in the meshes. Among black materials, satin perle ranks as Among black materials, satin perle ranks as the newest. It has just been introduced in Paris, and is a dead, soft, silky fabric, studded with bright satin spots and combined happily with striped velvet and French moire. This latter goods should not be confounded with moire antique with its large watered figures, for it has small waves, and sometimes in alternate stripes, with satin an inch wide.

A SURPE hall-dress that will be becoming to

A SHORT ball-dress, that will be becoming to young ladies, is made of white satin and gauze. The skirt is trimmed with three fine flutings, The skirt is trimmed with three fine flutings, the last put on with a heading. A second skirt of white gauze, is pleated across the front, and has paniers of white satin, edged with flutings. The flutings are continued upon each side of the bodice, turning off at the shoulder. The back and sides of the bodice are of white satin, and finished with the flutings. The front part is a pleated plastron of white gauze over satin. The bodice is cut low and square and has short sleeves, finished with a gauze frilling, which is also about the neck.

Paniers gain ground; they are modest in size, but their dimensions are gradually increasing. There are several methods of rendering the back breadths of a dress bouffaut. First, there are paniers made of hair-cloth, and others of cambric muslin with steel springs: these are about twelve inches long, and are worn at a distance of two inches below the waist. Another plan is to take a breadth of heavy white slowly.

"I am not Miguel Scott, but I do seek the hidden treasure, and I have as good a right to it as any one!" the Californian replied, firmly.

"Well, partner, I might as well take a hand in the fun, for I am already mixed up in the affair, and I shall probably have to do my share of the fighting, anyway."

"Since you will take my quarrel upon your back, join me, then!" and the youth extended his hand, impulsively, as he spoke.

The two clasped hands and the big, round

The grant of the soldiers stop and dismount, and his ear told him that they were into the plan is to take a breadth of heavy white muslin the exact size of the breadths of the train; cover this with nainsook, and arrange flounces upon it in spiral rows from the edge to the belt; the flounces may be trimmed with lace, and at each side of the breadths there are cords at regular intervals which are tied to similar cords on the wrong side of the train.

The two clasped hands and the big, round



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

The STAR JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mall, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid: One copy, four months, -Two copies, one year,

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The pa-per is always stopped, promptly, at expiration bubscription. Subscriptions can start with any late

number.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Losses by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed. All communications, subscriptions, and let ters on business should be addressed to

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

THE GREAT STORY-TELLER In His Favorite Field!

In our next we give the opening chapters of Capt. Mayne Reid's new short serial story-

EL CAPITAN;

The Queen of the Lakes.

A Romance of the Mexican Valley.

In which the Gallant Captain of U. S. Dragoons plays a heroic part as soldier, defender of woman's honor and lover :- a series of adventures in the Mexican capital, on its singular lakes and among its wonderful floating islands: -a fine portrayal of life in the City of the Montezumas when the American Army under General Scott held it in occupation:-a beautiful love story, with a real Indian Princessthe Queen of the Lakes-for heroine and subject of central interest. Altogether,

Mayne Reid in His Happiest Mood,

and so spirited, lively and entertaining, that, like the Ball of the Season, readers will wish it were twice longer.

Philip S. Warne's New Story!

BOWIE.

The Knight of Chivalry:

What a Woman Will Do

Gambler, duelist and adventurer though James Bowie was he was a type of man rarely met even in the country of rare charactersthe West and South. In local remembrance his memory is preserved in the stories of his terrible duels, and especially of that one wherein he and his antagonist-each armed heart's affection, shall we not be thoughtful with a long two-edged knife-were stripped and locked in a room, and from that

Death Grapple in the Dark

Bowie alone came forth alive, but fearfully wounded in all parts of his body. Which affair is one of the incidents of this romance. But he was neither ruffian nor blackguard; on the contrary, was possessed of a fine sense of honor; was honest, truthful and temperate; and that he was capable of love in its purest, noblest sense, this almost

TERRIBLY DRAMATIC STORY

gives ample evidence. It is a tale of New Orleans, depicting something of its fast and feverish life, two generations ago, when "gentlemen" gambled, and fought duels, and dissipated generally; but, though redolent of such facts, they but form the groundwork from which spring the

Love, Passion, Suffering and Heroism that render the work one of inthralling interest and moral beauty.

To Commence in No. 467.

Sunshine Papers.

For You and for Me.

SAID a young mother, one night, while rocking her baby asleep, to a little lisper just put in bed, "Why are you calling me?"

ticky! You naughty boy!" said the lady, not very severely but reprovingly. "I cannot wash your hands until baby is asleep; so be quiet until

fellow was sobbing; and though she endeavored to become a citizen, or her own right to drive a tandem team? Or, will home be the dearest should soon be wiped, he continued to give spot to her-husband and children be her vent to his grief until his mother, surprised, for he was a remarkably good-humored, happytempered child, asked why he was crying. than the angels? When, to her consternation, he sobbed out: Tos oo tay I'se notty boy! Oo teep taying

I'se notty, notty, notty boy!" She soon was at liberty to wipe off the sticky little hands, and comfort and soothe to sleep their chubby owner. Then she meditated of Will he always be as thoughtful? Will he be small accuser, and critically recalling the past give her trouble and unnecessary cares? Will found that she had fallen into the habit of ex- he think that work done for her is no task, but it don't seem to be able to draw any wood.

her thoughtless words of censure. But he had, indeed, and his loving, tender little heart had been wounded again and again by his mother's rritable rebukes, until the burden had become too grievous to be longer borne.

Said she, relating the incident afterward: "It was a good lesson to me, to be thoughtful and just when I reproved my children, and to restrain irritable and nervous outbreaks at small annoyances; such little things and such careless words may wound loving hearts."

And does not the incident hold a lesson for irritable reproofs or complaints, that may sink with bitter pain into the hearts of our loved Aggie, what shall it be? I am no prophet. I am puzzled and cannot see into your future, proffered caress with indifference?

And yet—that one unkind word may sadden ome hours that should be the happiest of your child's life; that rude speech may rankle with pain in your mother's heart for years; that hateful reply may rise uppermost in your brother's mind when he lies dying in a foreign land, and summoning to his memory recollect tions of home and kindred; that sarcasm may tinge many an unconfessed meditation of your husband's with gall; that indifferent caress and parting may blot all joy-for days-out of your wife's existence.

You call these little things? There are no little things—for as surely as the sea-shore is but the aggregated mass of individual grains of sand, and the boundless wastes of waters but myriad drops pulsing in unity, so is every word we utter—however thoughtless, howe er harsh, however unkind—one of the parts which round out our lives and the lives of others into a completed whole. And constant censure may result in divorcing your child's love from you; a few needless unkindnesses may destroy all the peace of your parent's life; rash speeches may lose one a brother's or a sister's affection and sympathy; sarcasm and indifference may alienate husbands and wives. The hearts of men and women are easily made sad, easily sown with jealousy and distrust, easily estranged. Then guard well against the care-less speech, and the chilling manner. Let not sickness, weariness, nervousness, worriment, a emptation to retaliation, betray you into unkind censure of your dear ones.

Some persons are much less sensitive than others, but often the most sensitive dispositions are scarcely known, so shrinkingly are they hidden under reserve or seeming calm indifference. We may not judge of the extent of the wound our careless or unjust speech may give. We may not even judge of how much pitterness it may cost us, if some strange met ing out of Providence should render it impos sible to retract or forget it: if the "notty poy" has a little croupy cough, a few hours of suffering, and then lies a little waxen figure unable to respond to wild embrace and pas sionate kisses; if father's gray hairs lie under the freshly-turned sods, or mother's dear, dim eyes have closed forever before we can recall that harsh word; if brother goes down "with the raging of the sea," and we have never taken back the cruel taunts; if husband never comes home to have the sarcasm recalled, while soft arms clasp his neck and soft tears drop upon his careworn but truthful face; if wife should never lift her dear eyes and glad face for a heartfelt caress. And, ah! we never know how long we shall have our darlings with us!

But, even if we retract the thoughtless speech, can we undo the stab of pain given with the saying of it? Never! The pain was real-it was suffered-that suffering we are powerless to undo, however we may seek to right the wrong, and do better in the future. Then why speak crossly in our homes? We

Ah, but do we forget when we have guests with us? If we can be thoughtful when we think we shall be hardly criticised by those who possess not the smallest share in our ove's sake alone? Let us try, dear readersoh! let us try! For this lesson is for you and for me-for every mortal to learn:

"If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind,
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

"For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go torth at morning
Who never come back at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn, I were a cruel fate, were the night too late, To undo the work of the morn.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER

THE FUTURE: WHAT WILL IT BE?

As we become intensely interested in a novel our curiosity is excited to such an extent that we cannot wait for the termination, but turn to the end "to see how the story turns out;" and so it is with personages by whom we are surrounded; we want to look ahead and see what parts our friends will assume in this great drama of life, on this stage of multifarious changes. I was led to this thought by seeing a number of young people passing my window on their way to school. I wondered what stations of life they would be called upon to fill, and in what manner they would occupy

cher baby asleep, to a little lisper just put bed, "Why are you calling me?" intent were her thoughts upon study as not to notice whether the sky was sunny or sunless; quiet in her manners and demeanor. Will all this change as she grows older? Will she want to wander up and down the country, expatiathen."

Note: Will she neglect home, husband and children to champion the right of a Chinaman dearest friends-and she be so truly w that friends will say she is but a little lower

Then there was merry, happy-faced Horace -the little lad who always gives me a polite bow, as he passes my window, and who, if he sees I am busy, will wait until I look up from complaint registered against her by the kind and gentle to his wife, studious not to by her tiny son: "You naughty boy!" but, until now, had never dreamed that the child, heaving askets of dried clothing and not offer the child, the child, and the child, heaving askets of dried clothing and not offer the child, heaving askets of dried clothing and not offer the child, and t

years old, had heeded and fully comprehended the boot-jack, snarl if the meals are not "on time," snap because the provision bill is too high or raise a general row because affairs are not just as he would like to have them? No; I don't think this will be like my young friend;

I cannot believe it of Horace.

And Aggie! So full of life, animation and

good, healthful spirits: I wonder who can paint her future? I'd like to have her always just as she is now, as good tempered, as helpful, as thoughtful and with just as contented a disposition as she is blessed with. Of cours she will outgrow her youth-we all have to do us all-for parents, for children, for brothers that-but I don't want her to outgrow her and sisters, for husbands and wives? Do we never make careless, thoughtless speeches, utter will scold her husband, or think that fine dresses are to be the happiness and pleasure of life. am puzzled and cannot see into your future, speak crossly, and look severe, and receive the but I wish you all the good things of life, the many blessings, the love of some good and true man, for I know you deserve them all.

I have settled your fate, Ernest; you are to be a farmer and have the freshest of eggs, the sweetest of butter, the purest of milk and the dearest and best of wives; your home is to be surrounded with everything that is pleasant and peaceful, and your house will be the snug gest, cosiest spot in creation, for, you know when I get to be an old lady, in cap and spec tacles, I'm coming to see you and the grand children. And, there's to be a pond full o lilies, with such a lovely boat, all close to the house, and there are to be no musketoes, or potato-bugs within one hundred miles! How I shall be disappointed if you are to overthrow all my plans, and, some fine day, bid us goodby and start to some far-away mining country. leaving "Ida"—will her name be Ida?—to cry

'Twas but a few years back I was planning a bright future for little Alice, but, so far as prophecy was at fault, yet her future proved far brighter than I anticipated. She is with the angels now:

"She is singing by Life's river,
With a crown upon her head!
Then why should we be sorry
When they whisper—'She is dead!'"

May God spare all the little ones to us for nany a year, to cheer and brighten our passage when we near the dark river and life fades fast from our view. Let us cherish about it. It is not humorous by any means. It is too sad a thing. them now as we hope to be cared for by them hereafter.

"But if He see fit to take them,
Ere their years of life be run,
Let no murmur mar our sorrow—
Let us say: 'Thy will be done!'"

Foolscap Papers.

The Hotel Stove. I TRAVEL over this country a great deal, and

always stop at a hotel—unless I happen to have acquaintances in the town. I travel in a plain way, as I am a plain man, eschewing everything that is frivolous and vain, being of Quaker extraction and soberly sedate.

I sometimes sit in the hotel office close to the stove to warm my rheumatism, and though I must admit that the hotel stove in question, and also in cold weather, isn't always as comfortable as it deserves to be, yet my heart is pained when I hear unseemly jokes cracked upon it by guests who use their mouths a good deal when they talk. I think it is all greatly wrong and very unnecessary, and it should be squelched promptly. I am earnestly opposed to making fun of anything. I do not think it is right. Of the many miserable remarks about the poor, helpless hotel stove which I have been compelled to overhear, I reproduc a few from my memorandum-book, which I put down occasionally; the perpetrators in many cases were properly and promptly pun-ished, and I was glad of it.

A country fellow came in and sat down on that stove and began eating a ginger-cake. He evidently did not think it was a stove; but he fooled himself and sat there a little too ong, and when he attempted to get up he found that he was froze fast to it. He was rescued with great difficulty. The general verdict was that it was a justifiable case, as it could not be helped.'

"That stove has been deserted by its old flame. If the landlord would only light a lamp and put it inside of it, it would look more com-

Isn't that what you call a cold-air stove?" "I guess when farmers bring in three-quar-ters of a cord for a cord of wood the landlord

generally buys the other quarter."
"That stove is all-fired cold." "Give that stove a warm punch, porter, if

The landlord freezes you here by this stove, but he warms you up on that register on the counter though."

"That stove is no burning shame." "Somebody left the door open and the fire

"The landlord uses that stove as a refrigerator where he keeps his meat and milk."
"You are mistaken; he rents that stove for a

magazine, and merchants keep their powder stored in it. It is the safest place they could "The very legs of that stove are shivering,

it is so cold. Why don't the landlord put a warm brick to its feet?" What a terrible bad cold that stove has

got. If they would give it a dose of liniment, that would warm it up a little." "Porter, couldn't you scrape a little of the frost off the outside of that stove?"

"No apologies, sir. I would rather you would stand between me and that stove, as it keeps some of the cold away."
"It don't seem possible that the iron in that stove was ever hot enough to be in a melted

"If that stove had been made of wood it would be cheaper and do just as well. There making is never any fire in it to hurt it." "That stove would cure a fever in ten

The landlord started to fix that fire up but the splinter he went out after he got in his finger, so he had to give it up.

Wood is worth a good deal in this town; at least, a few sticks in that stove would be very That stove's as hot as a cold oven."

"The sentimental woodman must have obeyed injunctions and spared the tree that would have made a good fire in that stove." "Landlord, if you would put that stove upon the top of the house and bring the chimney

down in here it would be warmer. "That stove seems to draw well enough, but

so happy of disposition and scarcely three to help her? Will he growl if he cannot find but it wouldn't stay so."

"That green wood certainly must be very

green to sing so while it is burning."
"You have to put up with it, for every time
you say the fire's down the landlord fires up." "What's the use of them putting wood in that stove? they know that it only burns up.

You should not ask them." 'Since I come to think of it I think that nust have been the furnace which Shamrock Meshack and Abednego went through. I see how it could be done, now. That stove is heated seven times hotter than cold."

"What is that drum for on that stove? Oh, that's for drumming up a fire, but they haven't

got any sticks to-day. "That is about the kind of a fire I would like to die and go to, if I have to go." "If the landlord would set that stove out of

doors it would freeze up everything, and per-haps bring a heavy fall of snow." "That stove is a jolly old smoker, notwithstanding it is out at the elbows.'

"Two such stoves as that would freeze us to "You can wrap up in your overcoats and furs and sit by that stove very comfortably."

"Porter, couldn't you amuse yourself with a little game of poker with that stove and fetch I wish they would take this stove out in

the kitchen and warm it up a little." "If you could make that stove roar a few I think it would create a furore."
"The landlord ought to be arrested for

cruelty in starving that poor hungry stove "The fire is snapping, you say? Yes, but it eems to me to be a very cold snap."
"What is that thermometer by that stove

for? To tell how cold it is or how hot it isn't, What is the use for them to have a damper

to that stove? The wood seems to be damp enough for all impracticable purposes, goodness

"The landlord would fire up, but he says that is the way chimneys take fire. That's the kind of stove that doesn't consume any

wood—if you don't put any in.' Really, the average hotel stove lacks some thing; it may be fuel, but I hate to shiver around it and hear such outrageous levity

> Yours, coldly. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

-Russian ladies are often inveterate smokers — Russian ladies are often involverage smokers of cigarettes, and, at railway stations and other points of transit, scratch their matches on walls or posts, like men. They frequently ask men for a light from their cigars, and are asked in

—It is stated that in Iroquois county, Ill., 53,500,000 gallons of water are supplied daily by artesian wells for the irrigation of land. These wells do not in any instance exceed 75 feet in depth; they are of small bore, and within a ra-dius of 20 miles there are 200 of them.

-Wolves in Nebraska are numerous and very annoying to settlers. In many of the northern and central counties the voracious creatures enter barn-yards. Driven by bunger they are very bold and flerce. Wolf-hunts are there an every-day occurrence; so we advise those of our readers eager for sport to go to Nebraska.

The recent extraordinary performance of Madame Anderson in Brooklyn—walking 2,700 quarter miles in 2,700 consecutive quarter hours—has added no little to the interest in all athletic sports. That interest is now invading the "better circles," or most respectable classes, and bids fair to become a means of introducing among women as well as among men exercise that must result in a development of physical vigor. Madame Anderson is a lady of excellent character, and will do much, in her exhibitions throughout the country, to popularize sports -The recent extraordinary performance of throughout the country, to popularize sports among the better classes—a very good work to

—Messiter, the English sportsman, who has just returned from Dakota to Harrisburg, Pa., to spend the winter and spring, is a character that if portrayed in a "dime novel" would be regarded as an exaggeration. He lives near Harrisburg, but gets his wealth from England. He is the proprietor of 12,000 acres of land and three small villages in the "old country." His income is princely. He has hunted everything from an elephant to a jack-rabbit. He was three years the chief of a band of Arabs in Arabia. His object was adventure and a knowledge of the people. He is by far the most accomplished gentleman who has ever traveled this way as a hunter. His rough life simply refines him. He is an artist in his line. We will refer to some of his sporting feats, in a future paper. the English sportsman, who has

paper. —Anthony Trollope, writing of novel reading, says that a good novel should be both realistic and sensational in the highest degree. If a novel fails in either, he adds, "there is a failure n art. Let those readers who fancy they do not ike sensational scenes, think of some of those pas-Inke sensational scenes, think of some of those passages from our great novelists which have charmed them most—of Rebecca in the castle with Ivanhoe; of the mad lady tearing the vail of the expectant bride in Jane Eyre; of Lady Castlewood as, in her indignation, she explains to the Duke of Hamilton Harry Exmond's right to be present at the marriage of his Grace with Reconstruction. present at the marriage of his Grace with Beatrix. * * Truth let there be—truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth I do not know that a novel can be too sensa-

—Professor Siddons, said to be a grandson of Mrs. Siddons, the actress, has been giving his "Recollections" in a lecture in Washington. Among other things, he said that in 1858 he was tutor in elocution to the Prince of Wales, and relates that, at one of the lessons, the Prince put his feet on the table, and said, "Look at those boots—I made them myself." The professor was, of course, astonished, and thought his royal highness was "chaffing," but the Prince explained that his father, having in mind possible reverses, had insisted that each of his sons should learn a trade. Accordingly, the Prince himself was a very good shoemaker. Prince himself was a very good shoemaker. rince Alfred was learning to make his own lothes, and little Prince Arthur worked occalonally with saw and plane, and, as soon as he

Readers and Contributors

Accepted: "Life;" "An Honest Name;" "The Night That Was Day;" "Abiding;" "A New Idea;" "A Christmas Eve Debut;" "Coffee or Tea;" "The Debtor's Last Friend;" "Stars on the Stage;" "Mrs. Mason's Uncle;" "Abijah;" "The Ice Car-nival Queen;" "A Last Initiation;" "The General's Retreat."

Retreat."

Declined: "Old Smuggler's Will:" "All For Gold;" "Gold-Hunting in Siberia;" "The Derrydown Chick;" "Hettie's Baby;" "Sister Mary's Sad Mistake;" "Be Sure of Number Two;" "Within the Fold;" "Let Eyes Be the Lamps;" "Prince Charlie;" "The Brownie's Lay;" "Sweet and Low;" "The Rule of Two;" "Say Me But 'Yes';" "The Gift I Bring."

R. O. M. We have no receipt for white ink. KNUT CRACKER. We do not want the matter mentioned.

J.J.E. Indeed we will not "please make correct copy of the scrawl." We are not engaged in that kind of charity work at present.

L. R. D. "The Derry-down" is declined. Delay in reporting is owing to the great surfeit of matter of-fered. All of our authors must be patient. A. C. S. We know of no really effective air pistol The only air-gun practically used is one that will a cat at about two hundred feet. We know o

J. M. P. MS. unavailable because it was very rude as a composition, and incorrect in grammar and punctuation. Two years' study will be none on much before you essay to write for others to

ead.

Mrs. L. M. The names submitted are all very pretty. Twins should be given names euphonizally alike, so we should suggest Dora and Nora; or Cora and Dora; or Una and Luna. If not desired to be thus alike, then Inez and Irma.

OTTO. Temperature in Colorado is dependent on hight of location. Winters, even in the "plains," are very severe, and summers very hot. Cattle ranges must be adjacent to streams, for in summer all grass dies down on the plains and footbills, Write for special information to L. Meeker, Greeley City, Colorado.

JARED KING. Dabcotah (Dakota) lies west of Min-nesota. All the lands in the counties bordering on Minnesota have been surveyed, mapped and regis-tered, so are for sale or subject to preëmption and location. The best wheat country in the world is said to be in that region. Gigantic farms are being capidly opened there. H. K. M. Many a boy at seventeen does a full man's work. If your "country seat" relative will let you in "on halves" it is certainly a good arrangement. Whatever you undertake do your best and prove that you are a man. No disaster can come of the partnership if the arrangements on the start are well understood on both sides. In all such, we believe, it is customary for each party to furnish half the seed. You do all the work in consideration of the conveniences provided.

ISAACS No. 2. The Jews are not an ancient

Isaacs No. 2. The Jews are not an ancient race, but, on the contrary, a modern people, said to be descendants of Abraham. Abraham was an Assyrian of Mesopotamia. The ancient races—Hindoos, Chinese, Persians, Assyrians and Egyptians are supposed to have descended from a common stock, starting in Central Asia. The Greeks, like the Jews, are, comparatively, a modern race, while the Romans and all the people of Europe are of quite recent origin, in a race sense.

sense.

JENNIE GEARY. Do not listen to the young man, but refuse all further association with him. Young men of wealth and station are not apt to marry poor and uneducated girls, and the facts that he does not care to visit you at your own home, and has never offered to introduce you to any of his friends prove that he is ashamed to be known as your lover, and that there is no truth in his assurances that he will make you his wife some day. Your pretty face will not atone for your lack of education and ignorance of the requirements of society in his world, while it supplies a reason for his private attentions to you. Dismiss him, summarily, and never allow him to address you further unless in the presence and with the consent of your parents and his.

IRMA. The theatrical profession is greatly over-stocked, but what profession is not? If you have taste and talent for dramatic expression cultivate it, by all means.—If you accept the gentleman's carriage and escort to the ball he is entitled to

dependent enough to thus assist yourself.

DELLA says: "A gentleman pays me a great deal of attention, and I like him about as well as any I know; but I don't want to marry him or any one else yet awhile; and I would like to know what to say to him when he proposes to me, as I feel sure he will do soon, though I try not to give him any chance. I can't say I don't love him, for I do, a little. Also, please tell me if you don't think a gentleman ought to kiss his bride, immediately after the marriage ceremony is finished?" Tell the gentleman just what you have told us, that you like him about as well as any man you know, and love him "a little," but do not wish to marry yet. Probably you and he will succeed in arranging matters to your mutual satisfaction.—No; according to the highest authorities upon etiquette, it is not the proper thing for a bridegroom and bride to kiss at the close of the ceremony. That pretty little exchange of sentiment is reserved for their private delectation, and not indulged in for the amusement of the

ECONOMY asks: "Is there any way of cleaning breadths of white silk, at home, so that it will do for lining a white cashmere cloak? How can I freshen black cashmere? How do you pronounce the word Goethe, and D'Israeli or Disraeli? Who was Mephistopheles?" Dissolve curd-soap in water as hot as can be used, and pass the breadths of silk through and through it, gently, rubbing spots until they disappear. Rinse in lukewarm water, and stretch upon a mattress or carpet, upon sbeets, to dry; tastening securely and smoothly with pins.—Sponge the cashmere with borax water—one teaspoonful of borax to a pint of water. Press, while damp, upon wrong side.—Pronounce Goethe as if witten Ger-tuh—the e like e in her, and the u like u in nut, only more obscure, and the h almost silent: the emphasis is upon the first syllable—the second is very short. Disrael is proncunced Diz-rā-el-ee—long a as in may, and emphasis upon the second syllable.—Mephistopheles, according to demonology, is the second of the seven chief devils—the most powerful after Satan.

Fred Duncan. It is the hight of ill-breeding for

clothes, and little Prince Arthur worked occasionally with saw and plane, and, as soon as he was strong enough, was to be taught cabinetmaking.

—It is true that in Washington society old ladies hold honored positions and influence. Of those frequently mentioned, Mrs. Bancroftwife of the historian—is one of the most noted. She returns most of her calls in person, and it is a treat to listen to her ready flow of conversation, abounding in anecdotes or sketches of the distinguished people she has known at home and in Europe. She says she considers the best class (meaning best in respect to culture and breeding) in our own country fully the equal of the same class in any country, and superior in some respects. When told, the other day, that General Sherman had said that, although he had seen all the royal women of Europe, he had never seen any superior to Mrs. Hayes, she cordially indored his opinion, and added that she considered k rs. Hayes's manners as nearly perfect as possible, the more so that they are so evidently prompted by the goodness of her heart. The habit in American homes and society of relegating elderly ladies to retirement is equally impertinent and outrageous; and this example set by Washington society is worthy of all imitation.

Fred Duncan. It is the hight of ill-breeding for any person, lady or gentleman, to receive an invitation of any kind and neither accept nor acknowledge it. Invitations to dinners, breakfasts, balls, sourbes, parties, receptions, etc., should be answered within a day or two of their reception, either accept into any person, lady or gentleman, to receive an invitation of any kind and neither accept nor acknowledge it. Invitations to dinners, breakfasts, balls, sourbes, parties, receptions, etc., should be answered within a day or two of their teception, either accepting the invitation of tweit needs in vitin a deep it. Invitations to didners, breakfasts, balls, sourbes, parties, receptions, etc., should be answered within a deep it. Invitations to didners, breakfasts, ba FRED DUNCAN. It is the hight of ill-breeding for

THE DYING BARD.

BY JOHN H. WHITSON.

Come, let your snowy fingers sweep Across the wild harp's quivering strings; And give to me the soothing sleep And blissful calm its music brings.

Search out each soft and cheering note, And fling its sweetness on the air; Let every pulsing echo float And die away in beauty there.

That wild, weird harp in days long past Has soothed me with its gentle tone-Entranced me with its thrilling blast, And chilled me with its curdling mean.

Life's dreary path had been too long— My soul long since had sought its rest, Had not its cheering, soothing song Brought peace and sunshine to this breast.

Its fiery notes in days of youth Have sown ambition in my soul; In sobsrer years its light and truth Were shed upon a nobler goal.

But now in age, the flery notes Have changed into a sobbing moan, And every soothing song that floats Above it, has a saddened tone.

Still, sweep the strings, and let its song Float o'er me in a surging wave; For it has been my comfort long, Now let it cheer me to the grave!

Gussie's Happy Escape.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Handsome! Handsome! Why, he's the very handsomest man I ever saw in my life."
Miss Saxonie put the question and Gussie Vescelius answered it in her pretty, eager way that so many people thought so charming.
She was a charming girl, without mistake; petite and graceful as a swaying lily on its stem; unselfish to such a degree that her friendship was a desirable treasure to possess; and so entirely unconscious of all her modest loveliness that it was enhanced a thousandfold.
And now there was a new, joyous beauty in her big gray eyes, that looked so eager and interested beneath their heavy black brows as Miss Saxonie mentioned Hugh Kenneth's name, for into her life this man had come, bringing such strange sweetness that the girl was almost

such strange sweetness that the girl was almost overcome by it.

He was her first lover, and that means so much! Not her first beau, nor even her first suitor, but that other totally different creature, her lover and beloved—her splendid, kingly lover, who had condescended from his high estate to woo her.

She loved him entirely. Loved and admired

She loved him entirely. Loved and admired, trusted and revered, and because she could pour out on him all her heart's treasures she was perfectly content, realizing from day to day that heaven itself had come down to her for her ac-

And now, after months of absence from home,

And now, after months of absence from home, Gussie's bosom friend and confidant, Maude Saxonie, had returned, and of course must hear over again, from Gussie's happy lips, all the delightful romance that had been so exhaustively treated in their correspondence.

So Maude asked, and Gussie answered, until the whole sweet treasure of the little betrothed's heart was unfolded, and Maude read what Gussie's loveliness, and innocent childishness, and charming winsomeness, and girlish beauty, it was more her snug little fortune Hugh Kenneth was after than anything else.

more her snug little fortune Hugh Kenneth was after than anything else.
Only it would have been so heartlessly cruel to have whispered her suspicion to the girl, and perhaps it might have been only a suspicion.
So Maude held her peace, and caressed Gussie's soft black hair as the girl went on repeating her happiness, and telling her friend how devoted and exquisitely good, and splendidly grand, her Hugh Kenneth was; and what blessed dreams and hopes she enjoyed of the life that promised

and hopes she enjoyed of the life that promised so rosily before her.

And Maude went away, with a little sigh that Gussie could not have understood—a sigh of wonder if the rosy dreams would ever be verified; a sigh of prophetic pity for the golden hopes that were so beautiful to the happy girl.

A lovely October afternoon was drawing near sunsetting, and Broadway was a scene of animation and gayety that almost bewildered litthe many doors of Stewart's establishment, arn ed with a pretty little maroon leather sachel filled to fullest capacity with a hundred and one little elegancies that tasteful shoppers love to buy; for Gussie was shopping, with plenty of money, and with the most momentous occasion of her

life in near vicinage.

It had all been arranged several weeks before, and the wedding was to come off during the holidays—Hugh's and Gussie's wedding, and Gussie was as shyly happy as the autumn days were bright, for Hugh was so devoted, so impationt so concernly perfect.

tient, so generally perfect.

At home everybody approved, from the dear indulgent parents whose highest happiness was to promote Gussie's, and who permitted the bride elect carte-blanche in her arrangements, down to the merest acquaintance who knew of

the approaching event.

Everybody—except Maude Saxonie, and
Maude Saxonie felt it her duty to say just a few

Mande Saxonie felt it her duty to say just a few words one day.

"And I'd rather diet on bread-and-water a week than have to tell you. I am so afraid for your happiness, dear. If you ask me why, I have only the very unsatisfactory reason Dr. Fell's particular enemy gave—but, Gussie, I am afraid Mr. Kenneth cares more for your fortune

She had not finished the sentence, because

Gussie's black eyes began to flash.

"Maude! You mustn't speak so to me of my
Hugh! I cannot hear such treason of him."

But Maude was resolved on her unpleasant
duty—and Duty so nearly always makes such
pitiful sacrifices.

"Bear with me, dear—only this once and if

"Bear with me, dear—only this once, and if after time shall disprove my fears, I will accept your displeasure then. Only now—while there is time—I wish you could learn just a little more about him."

Then Gussie had turned coldly away from her friend.

"You insult me, Maude. I would never have thought this of you—this horrid cruelty and cruel suspicion. And as for Mr. Kenneth—I am satisfied; I will not permit my dearest friend to speak such wicked treason, and for the future I speak such wicked treason, and for the future I speak such wicked treason, and for the future I speak such wicked treason, and for the future I sessly on its hinges, and the interrogatory was

decline to discuss the subject."

Yet the two had not quarreled, because Maude loved Gussie too well to be offended at the girl's natural indignation; and somehow, as Gussie sat in the stage that conveyed her to the Grand Central Depot, she fell to thinking of all these things; and wishing so heartily that Maude only could see Hugh Kenneth in the same light in which she saw him—so noble and

grand, so devoted and good, so purely disinterested and kind.

It was dark before she reached the depot fully a train later than she had intended, and she found she was obliged to wait nearly half

an hour for another.

So she ensconced herself in a quiet, dimly lighted corner, where she could look out on the brilliantly lighted scene that kept changing like a kaleidoscope, and yet be so secluded that no one would see her unless specially looking for her; and with her plain gray traveling-suit, and unassuming straw hat, with the gray tissue scarf wrapped around the crown, she certainly would never have elicited a second glance from any one in that rush and hurry of change and travel.

So she settled comfortably back in the dark shadows, her sachel on her lap, her shawl over her arm, prepared to enjoy her brief season of waiting; and thinking, away down in her heart, how perfectly lovely it would be if only Hugh were sitting there beside her—thinking, with little thrills of delight, that it would not be so

very long before he would be always by her side.

And, just that minute, there walked into one of the doors, down the large room directly one of the most beautiful, stylish girls she had ver seen and—Hugh Kennath!

and held it close to Gwen's face, which she keenly scrutinized. She was a haggard, hard featured woman of thirty-five or forty.

"Good God!" she sharply ejaculated, after a minute's silence, "why be you here!"

"Do you know me?" said Gwen, incautiously.

"Do you know me?" said Gwen, incautiously.

"Do you know me?" sort of stupid like, just as "very light her pere"." side.

And, just that minute, there walked into one of the doors, down the large room directly toward her, and took seats not a yard from her, one of the most beautiful, stylish girls she had ever seen, and—Hugh Kenneth!

The first sensation was delight at seeing him; the next, a vague, strange feeling at seeing him with some one else, and whose manner to him, and his to her, savored so indisputably of cordial intimacy.

and his to her, savored so indisputably of cordial intimacy.

For one little minute Gussie was uncertain what to to; then Mr. Kenneth's low, clear tones that reached her ears as distinctly as though he had addressed her, made her quietly pull her vail over her face and sit still.

"It was so good of you to come up to the depot with me, Nina! For all you were so cruel to me once on a time. You temper your mercilessness charmingly, Nina—"
Gussie felt a strange misery creeping deathlily

Gussie felt astrange misery creeping deathlily over her that was not relieved by a sweet an-swering laugh, like a chime of silver-tongued

"Because I wouldn't have you is no reason you need rush off and marry some silly little village girl, is it? It's too Lad, Hugh, for you to be running away off into the country two or three times a week. She don't care for you as week."

"She hasn't much attraction, I'll admit, Nina, but a fellow has to have a show of decency at any rate. The old people are rolling in gold, and Gussie—oh, well, I shall not be ashamed of her, but that's about as far as it goes."

"Then she's not pretty, nor stylish, nor refined? Hugh, it's too bad of you!"

Gussie sat like a stone, her hands tightening on her sachel-handie like little icy clasps.

"You've nobody but yourself to blame, Nina, and if I go and marry a girl I don't care two pins for, simply because she can pay my debts and keep me as I would like to be kept, in elegant leisure, I should say you were the last one to criticise."

"I'm not presuming to criticise; I think I She hasn't much attraction, I'll admit, Nina,

"I'm not presuming to criticise; I think I only am—well, sympathizing."
She laughed coquettishly, and tapped Mr. Sympathizing? With me or Miss Vesce-

lius?"
"With you, of course—thinking how important Mrs. Hugh will be when she has bestowed her gold upon you."
Kenneth laughed.
"Thanks, very much, ma chere! When we're married, I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master. I'm off now; that's my train; only imagine, in an hour I shall be pouring my protestations in my ladye faire's ears—and thinking all the while how good you are."
"All except the requisite fortune! Good-by. All except the requisite fortune! Good-by,

Hugh!"
And in the rush to the gates Gussie saw her betrothed lover retain "Nina's" pretty gloved hand in a close grasp and then she dragged herself out into the same car, and sat where she could see the back of his handsome head, all the way home, and suffer her pain.

She reached the house before him, and was in the parlor when he was announced, and came in, gay, smiling, rapturous as ever.

"My darling!"
She brought the pat salutation to an untimely

She brought the pat salutation to an untimely end.
"Were you addressing me, or did you im-

agine you were still in the company of the young lady who escorted you to the depot?"
He looked at her pale, indignant face.
"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"
Her lips curled.
"I am yery sure I understand, and that is

Her lips curied.

"I am very sure I understand, and that is enough for me. Another time when you and your friend Nina have so many confidences to exchange, take better care to know who hears you. I came up on your train to-night. I was in the same seat at the depot. That is all?"

And for all the hauteur of tone and manner as she dismissed him, even Maude Saxonie would have pitied the unspoken woe, the misery of disappointment, the ache of the girl's heart that looked out of her eyes as she saw Hugh Kenneth go away from her forever.

EPICEDE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD

If, when last autumn, beautiful things were dying— Loved of pure hearts—on hill and plain and slope,

Thou wert so lovely, for thy life was teeming With high resolves I thought would never o And thy soft eyes, with heavenly luster bean Spoke of a spirit pure, a heart at peace.

Then hadst thou died, I should have hoped so sweetly, Ruling my heart by God's dear laws of love, Vhen this dark life is gone, that passes fleetly, To meet thee in the angel-world above.

Now thou art worse than dead; all sense of duty Is gone, all love and truth, all hope and trust; Even thy form, once fair, has I's tits beauty— Without their presence it is only dust.

How I would rather—is but known to Heaven Have sung a hopeful funeral song for thee, Than mount thy sweet endowments rashly given To worldly lusts and sinful revelry.

A Bride at Sixteen;

The Gulf Between Them.

BY RETT WINWOOD, AUTHOR OF "WIFE OR WIDOW?" "A GIRL'S HEART," "KATHERINE'S MARRIAGE," "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," "ETHEL DREEME," SWEETHEART AND WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. GWENDOLEN'S PERIL AND COURAGE

There was nothing but darkness, and midnight, And tempest, and storm, in the breast Of the Count Binaldo Rinaldi. — MEREDITH. Or course the singular words which had reacned her ears were a challenge and countersign. Gwendolen in tantly decided that such was the case, at any rate; and with the daring that was one of the strongest elements of her character,

first comer had done, and when it swung noise-lessly on its hinges, and the interrogatory was put, replied as he had replied:

"Locksley and Shannon."

The next instant she found herself in a pitch-dark passage, and had nearly cracked her skull against a projecting beam, or pillar, or post—she felt the object, but could not see it.

"Come this way. You'd better keep hold o' my hand, I reckon," said a voice which, though a very cruff one. Gwendolen was glad to per-

my hand, I reckon," said a voice which, though a very gruff one, Gwendolen was glad to per-ceive belonged to a woman. She groped for the hand in the darkness, caught it, and stumbled on. Suddeuly her un-seen guide stopped short, exclaiming in a sus-

"I know you're no boy, and that you ain't one on us!"
"Don't betray me," said Gwen, imploringly,

The woman frowned.
"Tell me what you want? It was as much as our life was worth, coming here. Do you know

what we are?"

'River thieves," was the answer.

"Ay, and a bad lot at that—desperate bad. Come with me, I'll take pity on your innocence and let you out. But we've no time to lose. Quick!—it will be too late if anybody sees you." She pushed Gwendolen toward the door by which they had entered, and might have passed it safely had not the intrepid girl drawn back.

"I can't go away without Lenore. If she is here, I implore you to take me to her."

"Lenore," repeated the woman, vacantly.

"Yes. She is my dear friend, my sister. I can't leave her here in danger."

"Oh, you mean the lady as was brought here

"Oh, you mean the lady as was brought here last night!"
"Yes. Where is she? Do let me see her."
"Impossible!" said the woman, sullenly.
"Come! I can't save you both; but I like your face, and I'll save you if you'll let me. But you must come now. Do come!"
Gwendelen drew back still more determined by

must come now. Do come!"
Gwendolen drew back still more determinedly and made answer:

"I'm not afraid. And I'll never stir a step from this house without Lenore! If she is in danger, I shall remain to share it!"

"Fool! You don't know the risk you run!"

cried the woman, angrily.

Just then an inner door burst open, and three
men tumbled unceremoniously into the apartment. Hardened villains Gwendolen knew in

ment. Hardened villains Gwendolen knew in an instant after having swept their faces with a searching glance.

"Who have you here, Nance?" said the foremost man, in a tone of surprise.

"It's a spy!" shouted the next.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the third. "I do believe it is a woman in disguise."

A pause of consternation. Suddenly the three men sprung forward, as if moved by a common impulse.

mpulse.
"This will never do, boys," cried one. "We must take her in charge. There's no help for it. must take her in charge. There's no neip for it. She'll betray us."
Gwendolen eluded them, darted across the room, and caught up a pistol that was lying on the chimney-piece. She did not know whether it was loaded or not, but she presented it.
"Back!" she cried, her eyes glowing and flashing like coals of fire. "I'll put a bullet through the heart of the first man who dares to touch me."

An instant's dead silence. "Don't mind her," then said one. "Who's afraid?" cried another. "She'll do it, I can see it in her eye!" added the

Before any decisive movement could be made, however, a firm, heavy tread was heard advancing along some one of the side-passages in which the house seemed to abound.

"The captain!" cried the three men in a The door opened once again, this time admit

ing a tall, military-looking gentlemon, enveloped in the folds of a cloak evidently worn as a

disguise.

Gwendolen stared, rubbed her eyes and pinched herself to be sure she was awake, for there, right across the room, stood her guardian, Major Pascal himself!

"What's the meaning of this disturbance?" the major peremptorily demanded.

Scarcely had the words been uttered, however, when his searching glance fell upon the trim, slender figure of Gwendolen in her boy's dress. Of course he recognized her at once, trim, siender ngure of dwendolen in her boy s dress. Of course he recognized her at once, having seen her upon one other occasion in this same masquerading costume. He leaned against the wall, pale as death, and breaking out in a

old perspiration.
"Gwen!" he gasped "What in the foul

"Gwen!" he gasped "What in the foul fiend's name—"
He could get no further. The words died in a guttural sound, and his face changed from pale to red and red to pale again. He had never been at such a loss in his whole life. Gwendolen was first to recover herself. Though secretly trembling, she managed to put on a show of audacity and self-possession.
"This is a great surprise," she said, advancing, and sweeping a mocking courtesy. "But you arrived just in time to defend me from the assaults of these ruffians. I throw myself upon your protection."

If a trap-door had been conveniently at hand, ajor Pascal would certainly have dropped brough it. Even as it was, his gaze swept the floor, and then went furtively over his shoulder searching for some avenue of escape from the room. But Gwen had planted herself directly between him and the door by which he en-

between him and the door by which he entered.

"Confusion seize the girl!" he muttered, and a few very forcible expletives fell from his lips. The men were staring with all their eyes. "Cap'n," said one, "who is this dare-devil of a girl! Do you know her?"

"Stop your noise!" roared the major. "Utter another word, and I swear I'll throttle you!"

"That's right," said Gwendolen, clapping her hands. "You've risen ten per cent. in my estimation, guardy. Pitch into the wretch, and if you can't whip him alone, I'll turn in and

help."
"Silence!" screamed the major, glaring at her flercely.

"Why are we all to hold our tongues?" asked Gwen, saucily. "It seems like turning a tragedy into a Quaker meeting." And she flourished the pistol she held by way of empha-

Major Pascal knit his brows, which were still bathed with profuse perspiration, and after a brief silence signed for the three ruffians to leave the room. They turned reluctantly, with sul-

en, downcast laces.
"There must be no peaching," muttered one

The expressive passage of one finger across his throat finished the sentence.

"Don't be afraid," the major answered, in an undertone. "This mad-cap girl is my ward. I will answer for her silence."

The instant the room was cleared of all save (Ryandolen and the woman Nance, he turned Gwendolen and the woman Nance, he turned

fercely upon his niece, demanding:

"Now, you vixen, tell me this instant what
has brought you to a place like this?"

"I thought you knew. I came in quest of

Lenore."
The major fairly gnashed his teeth.
"Was there ever such an idiot—such a nonsensical simpleton—such a reckless little imp!
Did I not give you to understand that Miss Dunreath could not possibly be here?"
"You did." Gwen coolly answered. "And in
the same breath you told me that no such band
of desperadoes as the river thieves was in existence."

answered with an appearance of calmness:

"Did I not give the countersign correctly?"

"To be sure. But—"

"Then, of course, I am a friend, and have a "Then, of course, I am a friend, and have a "Then, of course, I am a friend, and have a "Then, of course, I am a friend, and have a "Old I mot give the countersign correctly?"

"To be sure. But—"

"Then Miss Dunreath is here?"
"At less who is at service with the St. Clairs, brought the poor did here hands, weeping as if her heart "You must confide in me," said Gwen, draw-ing near the resorrowing friend. "I never urged its before, but I urge it now. For your own good its high time you had unburdened yourself."
"It is a dreadful story."
"No matter. I am ready to hear it, and what is more to the post, ready to help you to the bouse."
"Then Miss Dunreath is here?"
"Artless who of whate good no whate good no was more than I can bear," she more to the post, wild, impassioned cry, Lonore threw here for othat sympathetic bosom.
"My trouble is greater than I can bear," she more to the post, ready to help you to the bouse."
"Then Miss Dunreath is here?"
"Artless most of the upper before the bouse."
"Then Miss Dunreath is here?"
"Artless most of the post, ready to help you to the bouse."
"Then Miss Dunreath is here?"
"Artless most of the post, ready to help you to the bouse."
"Then Miss Dunreath is here?"
"Artless most of the post, ready to help you to the wind."
"It is a dreadful story."
"No matter. I am ready to hear it, and what is more to the post, ready to help you to the bouse."
"Then Miss Dunreath is here?"
"Artless most of the post, ready to help you to the bouse."
"Then Miss Dunreath is here?"
"Artless most of the post of the world."
"A FIELAK OF JEALOUSY.

And she was lost and yet I breathed.
But not the breath of commo life.
A sepent round my heart twe sweathed there would within a sullender of the world?" exclaimed didn't and the world."
"A world herek."

"So answer was returned to this, but the world here with the state of the world."
"A present post of the pos

doors on the landing, she inserted a key in the lock.

"The lady hasn't been out of this room since they brought her here," she said. "All day long she's been lyin' sort of stupid like, just as you'll find her now."

Sure enough, when they entered the chamber, which was a really comfortable one compared with the other portions of the house, they found Lenore lying pale and still on the couch—her eyes wide open, and gazing straight forward in a fixed, vacant stare.

Gwendolen ran up to her with a cry of blended grief, rapture and tenderness.

"Oh, my poor friend! how you must have suffered!" she said.

A flash of joy lighted up Lenore's pale, languid face. But it was gone in an instant.

"Dear, dear Gwendolen!" she murmured. Starting up, she flung her arms round Gwen's neck, giving way to a sudden burst of hysterical sobs and cries.

"Forgive me," she said; "my heart is broken."

"Take courage." whispered Gwen, as her

"Take courage," whispered Gwen, as her tears fell fast. "By-and-by you shall tell me all about your trouble. I am come to take you home with me."

"I want to go," sobbed the pale little creature.

ture.
"Has anybody dared ill-treat you while her eyes beginning to

here?" asked Gwendolen, her eyes beginning to flash through the tears that obscured them. "Oh, no, no!"

flash through the tears that obscured them.

"Oh, no, no!"

"That is well. It is very well—for them!"

"I don't even know where I am, or how I came here," said Lenore, in low, tremulous tones. "It has all seemed like a dream since—since— Oh, God, I can't bear to think of it!"

Clasping her pale little hands, she uttered such a cry of living anguish as caused Gwendolen to wince with sympathy.

"Don't, don't even try to think!" she implored. "I want you to be strong and brave. Otherwise, I cannot take you away with me."

"Oh, don't desert me," cried Lenore, clinging to her friend as a last earthly refuge. "I shall die if you do! I have been very near to death."

"Desert you, poor lamb! May my right hand wither, and my left hand be palsied, if I am ever even tempted to do such a cruel thing!"

Major Pascal, meanwhile, had stood looking on like a man at a loss. But he now hurried from the room to order a close carriage—luckily there was one belonging to the old inn, and it could not well be denied to him. Lenore must be taken back to his own house in the hollow—Gwen had so willed it, and he might as well try to resist a whirlwind.

Half an hour later they were en route. Lenore lay on the back seat, clasped closely in Gwendolen's sheltering arms. She had found one true heart, at least, to lean upon.

The woman Nance stood, at the same moment, in the deserted chamber, wondering what Artless would say, and stifling as well as she could her feelings of vexation and anger at being thus unceremoniously deprived of a lodger.

CHAPTER XVII. No! I can never forget!
In the land that knows no sorrow
We shall claim each other yet!
—Miss Procton

THE night passed away at last, as all nights must, however full of incident. The round red an smiled tenderly on the blushing world. Gwendolen had not once quitted Lenore's ide since their return, when, at a very late nour, Major Pascal sent for her to come to him the library.

n the library.
She obeyed the summons reluctlantly. Had he yielded to the promptings of her heart she would have shrunk from him in horror after the would have shrunk from him in horror after the appalling discovery of his connection with the river thieves. It seemed strange, incredible that he should be associated with these desperadoes in any manner. What could have beguiled him into taking such a step? It was quite inexplicable to the mind of the girl; mercenary motives seemed so insufficient to explain it.

She found the major pacing the floor and looking singularly harassed for him. He paused beside her as she entered and quietly seated her-

eside her as she entered and quietly seated her-

"My dear Gwendolen," he said, making an effort to speak carelessly, "it is quite essential that we come to a better understanding. That is why I sent for you."

She looked down, answering nothing.

'Now be frank, my dear, and answer me truly. You were greatly surprised, were you not, to find me at that low public house last

wine—something warming—on my return."

"Is that all?" said Gwen, scornfully.

"Of course. I hope you do not imagine that I would frequent such a place from choice?"

Gwendolen looked him straight in the eye, a

firm, unflinching stare.
"Why did those brutal men call you 'cap-tain?" It is too late to impose upon me, uncle Pascal. Don't attempt it. And I would much rather not discuss this subject with you, now or

A light pallor tinged the villain's face

A light pallor tinged the villain's face.

"Do you purpose to betray me?" he whispered, with a threatening glare.

"And so proclaim my own misfortune in being under the control of such a wretch? I am not so fond of humbling myself."

"Does Miss Dunreath know?"

"How should she? The poor child has not been in a condition to give a single thought to you or your affairs."

Major Pascal breathed a sigh of relief

Major Pascal breathed a sigh of relief.

"That is well. I think, I do think, Gwen, that you can be trusted to keep my secret."

"Yes, infamous as it is I shall keep it unless

you, by your own actions, compel its disclosure."
There was a silence. The major stood looking perplexedly up and down, and all around him, as if deliberating how to word his next sentence. as if deliberating how to word his next sentence.

"One word more," at length he stammered.

"I hope and trust that you exonerate my son Valentine, in your own mind, from having any share or interest in the—the—misdeeds for which I might be held accountable?"

Gwendolen haughtily threw back her head.

"I certainly had not thought of him in that connection."

"He is innocent—innocent as you are, Gwen,

"He is innocent—innocent as you are, Gwen, and must not be told to what depths of infamy his father has fallen."

He might be, or he might not. Gwendolen could never be certain which was truth, which falsehood, that fell from those perjured lips.

"Have you anything further to say?" she asked, rising at length.

"Only to beg of you to keep faith with an unfortunate old man who finds himself sorely beset," the wretch returned, in tones of hypocritical entreaty.

al entreaty.
With another scornfully-uttered assurance.

"When you have heard my story, you will no longer wonder that I am tired of life," Lenore answered, the full passion of her sorrow bursting forth again.

She grew more composed after awhile, and in a few broken words related her sad history. She told everything—her early orphanage and peculiar training under Miss Dorothy's tutelage; her girlish dreams and longings; Ross St. Clair's sudden appearance on the scene; her mad, idolatrous love; the secret marriage in Father Freeman's hut; and last of all the strange news that had taken her to Greenmont and the manner of her reception there.

Gwen listened without a word of comment. She did not even speak of the manner in which Lenore had been conveyed from Greenmont to the dreadful place where she had found her, though she felt there was something wrong and mysterious in the whole affair—something that needed explanation. But her poor friend, who had lain in a merciful stupor during all this period, was not the one to give it.

"Now can you blame me for beseeching God to strike me dead?" wailed the stricken soul, when she had concluded her brief recital.

"I wish you had told me sooner—I do wish you had!" aspirated Gwendolen, her eyes ablaze with a sudden light.

"Put on my boy's suit, gone straight to Greenmont, and commanded your recreant husband to acknowledge your claims!"

"And had he refused?"

"I should have called him out, and put a bullet through his cowardly heart!" cried Gwen, striding up and down the floor in great agitation.

Lenore wrung her hands and moaned as she

Lenore wrung her hands and moaned as she followed these movements with her eyes.

"I do not wish him evil," she faltered. "I love him in spite of everything."

"Love him?" echoed Gwen, in sharp and bitter accents. "Had Bob treated me so cruelly, I could stand by and see him hung!"

"Oh, don't talk so!" implored the gentle creature.

"Oh, don't talk so?" implored the gentle creature.

"Well, I won't, if it is going to add to your pain. But let us look this wretched business squarely in the face. You were lawfully married to that scoundrel? There is no room even to question the legality of the marriage?"

"None. I had known Father Freeman all my life, nearly, and the good old man would never have deceived me willingly."

"Certainly not. Do you realize, then, what Ross St. Clair has done if the contemplated marriage actually came off at the appointed time?"

Lenore's lips were whitening, She opened them to speak, gasped once or twice, then closed

them to speak, gasped once or twice, then closed them again.

"He has made himself amenable to the law—that's what he has done! You can have him arrested for bigamy!"

"No, no!"

rested for bigamy!"

"No, no!"

"You can, I tell you. And if you have a spark of spirit, you'll do it, too! The infamous scoundrel! He richly deserves to be punished."

Lenore fell back in her chair. That worn, thin face turned no paler; it was already as white as it could possibly be. But she clasped her hands over her throbbing heart.

"Oh God, be merciful to him!"

Gwendolen turned upon her almost angrily.

"I do believe you would sacrifice yourself sooner than that villain!" she jerked out.

"A thousand times sooner—"

The words died from her pallid lips. Gwen saw her waver, all at once, and droop forward, atch her in her arms, and help her to the couch. Immediately she sunk down upon it in one of the fainting fits to which she was subject.

It was long before the stricken sufferer could be restored to consciousness. For two days longer, Gwendolen never left her bedside except to snatch a few moments' sleep, now and then, that she might not break down uterly. During all this while Lenore lay mute and still and motionless, never uttering a moan or shedding a tear. Hers seemed to be the stupor of a terrible and hopeless despair.

The third day she rallied a little. Gwendolen

tionless, never uttering a moan or shedding a tear. Hers seemed to be the stupor of a terrible and hopeless despair.

The third day she rallied a little. Gwendolen was bending over the couch bathing her fevered brow with cologne water, when Lenore suddenly clasped her arms round the faithful girl's neck.

"You are so good—so good and kind!" she whispered. "May Heaven reward you!"

Then, after a moment's silence, she hid her face on Gwendolen's shoulder and said:

"I have been thinking of her—the—the woman who has supplanted me. I know she did not believe my story. My God! they will drag her down to sin and shame. Oh, dear friend, is there no way to save her?"

Gwendolen shook her head. It was a question

not, to find me at that low public house last night?"

"To be sure. I was nearly as much startled as were you at seeing me."

"The major bit his lip.
"I had been to dine with an old friend a few miles beyond Blackwool. The night seemed cool, and I merely stepped in for a glass of wine—something warming—on my return."

"It is too late, I fear," she sadly said. "But it too its Circempont myself and

dence to the truth, and yet of what avail would it be, after all?

"It is too late, I fear," she sadly said. "But if you wish, I will go to Greenmont myself, and see what can be done."

"Do go!" cried Lenore, in accents of feverish eagerness. "I would go myself but for the weakness that keeps me here. The poor lady will listen to you, perhaps. Oh, do not lose a moment. Something may have occurred to delay the marriage. You said it would be a crime. you remember. Pray, go at once."

moment. Something may have occurred to delay the marriage. You said it would be a crime, you remember. Pray, go at once,"
Leaving Lenore in the care of her maid, Gwendolen set out on this fruitless journey—for fruitless we know it could only be.

The man Artless answered her ring.
"Will you tell Mr. Ross St. Clair that a lady is here, who craves the honor of a moment's crossly with him?" she said stepping into the is here, who craves the honor of a moment's speech with him?" she said, stepping into the

Artless stared.
"Mr. St. Clair is gone, miss."
"Gone?" Gwendolen leaned against the wall, an expression of helplessness on her usually bright face.
"Yes, miss. He went away immediately after the funeral."

Before Gwendolen could utter another word, there came a rustle of silk on the stairs, and Berenice stood just above them, looking over the banister.

"Who is it, Artless?" she haughtily demanded.
Gwendolen knew at a glance that this scornful lady must be the sister of Ross. She pressed

to her side with scant ceremony.

'I wish to know if there has been any mar-

"Twish to know it there has been any marriage here."

The color wavered in Berenice's cheek. She was visibly discomposed.

"Of course there has been a marriage. My brother was married to Miss Ponsonby, several days ago. But why do you come here, asking impertinent questions?"

"The good Lord be merciful to them both!" broke impulsively from Gwendolen's lips.

"Why do you say that?"
Instead of replying she dropped her trembling

hand on Berenice's arm, and said:

"Of course the bride and groom went away together. Can you tell me where to address a letter to them?"

"No, I can't," snapped Berenice. "I wouldn't if I could, because it is none of your business."

if I could, because it is none of your business. Ross had not made up his own mind where he should go when they left. And I'm sure Sibyl

fashion's votaries seldom penetrated. They chose it for this very reas in it was impossible to go into society so soon atto." It was impossible to go into society so soon atto. Mr. Ponsonby's death, and neither of them wished it. Therefore a place had been sought were they were sure of seclusion and abundu it me to rally from the grief into which Sibyl hal been plunged by her bereavement.

They had been there but two weeks, and, singularly enough, Sibyl was the first to sigh for home. She did not find her married life wholly satisfactory. Other things troubled her besides her sorrow for the dead. She could not banish from her mind the singular scene that had transpired just before the marriage vows were pronounced; and whenever it rose up, she was made miserable. Of late she had got the idea in ber head that she should be happer at Green mont. Therefore she wished to return.

She was sitting in her room at the hotel, one day, ruminating of things that it would have been better not to have recalled. Her cheeks wore an unsual flush, her movements were resides. Ross stood at his desk quite at the other or of the apartment, turning over some papers. She addressed him abruptly:

"How long are we to remain at this lonesome in the other place?"

They home of the partiage of the pa

place?"
"Until you are tired of it, my dear—no longer. I consulted your happiness alone in making a selection," he answered, without looking

Sibyl lifted her shoulders petulantly.

"In that case I shall order our trunks packed immediately. I am wearied to death of staying

here."
Ross turned round rather listlessly. He had changed, ever since their marriage. He seemed graver, and more silent, like one weighed down by remorse or some crushing secret. Sibyl observed how pale and worn he looked and her heart gave a rebellious bound. Was it regret for another that caused his evident unhappiness?
Rising inpulsively she crossed the room and

Rising impulsively she crossed the room and stood beside him. A startled look appeared in the face of Ross. Hastily catching up a paper that lay on the open desk, he thrust it into one of the receptacles, and turned the key in the lock. His whole manner betrayed that he had something to conceal from her

lock. His whole manner betrayed that he had something to conceal from her.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded.

"Oh, I am done working for to-day," he answered, forcing a laugh. "I have been looking over my letters—seeing which must be answered, and which can be put off a little longer. You know I have not touched a pen since our marriage; and of course my correspondence is suffering,"

ering.

by knew that this was only an excuse.

y iew of his letters had been forwarded, and
e during the last two or three days only.

She stood silent, biting her lips.
"You wish a change, do you?" Ross resumed, after a pause, going back to the subject at first under discussion.

"And have made up your mind where you would like to go?"
"Yes," she answered again, without looking at hi

Back to Greenmont."

Ross uttered an ejaculation of surprise. "You are not in earnest, Sibyl! I thought you would rather go anywhere else than to Greenmont."
"It was a mistake."
"You suffered so much there, dearest—"
"It is like home to me." chainteen.

"It is like home to me," she interrupted, smothering a sob. "I love it all the more because papa died and was buried there. I feel as if something were drawing me back, all the while." Then we will return to-morrow. I have no

"Then we will return to-morrow. I have no other wish than to make you happy."

A faint sigh broke from his lips, however. He would much rather not have returned, just then, had he yielded to his own inclinations. He would have preferred to shake off all the old scenes and associations for a season, and seek forgetfulness in fresher fields.

Shortly afterward he left the room to give his orders for the morrow. The instant the door closed, Sibyl fixed her eyes on the desk again. There was fever in their depths—they seemed drawn to that one particular spot as though a drawn to that one particular spot as though a marnet had been there.

"I wonder what he was hiding from me," she

After walking restlessly up and down the After waiting respessly up and down the floor several times, she approached the desk. A small bunch of keys—her own—lay in her hot palm. She was struggling, not very valiantly, with the powerful temptation that had beset her

all at once.
"One of these keys may fit the lock," she thought. "I must know what was in that pa-

Hers was no idle curiosity. The flerce jeal-ou y that was her natural disposition had risen in arms. She could no more resist it than a tor-nado. The mere suspicion that the paper might have reference to the woman who had been her husband's first love, drove her to the verge of

madness.

The keys were tried, one after another, and presently the bolt shot back with a clicking sound. Pale as death, Sibyl clutched the crumpled paper she had seen Ross thrust into one of the alcoves, and held it up to the light.

A dainty note, smelling of violets, and written in a running Italian hand. She read it from beginning to end, her heart beating furiously. It bore a date several weeks back. A sweet, tender, touching letter it was, such as only a refined and loving woman could have written. And the name at the bottom of the page was "Lenore."

Not much of a discovery—and some women would have vassed it by. In her insane jeal-ousy, Sibyl could not do this. Though the letter was penned before she and Ross had ever met, the fact that her husband had preserved it was positive proof to her mind that the old tender illusions had never been entirely given up.

was positive proof to her mind that the old tender illusions had never been entirely given up.

"God help me!" she ejaculated.

Just at this instant a hand tightly grasped her arm. It was Ross. He had returned, entering the room unheard in her absorption.

Now he stood beside her, his face pale with survive, crist and disapproval. prise, grief and disapproval.
"Oh, Sibyl! I am shocked. Have you so far forgotten honor and propriety as to break into my private desk?"

The rebuke passed her harmlessly by—she did not even hear it. After the first startled cry escaped her lips, she confronted him almost defiantly. How dared you marry me when your whole

heart was given to another?"

R ss glanced from her working face to the open letter in her hand, and understood the situation at once. But the extent of her knowledge was still to be revealed to him.

"Pray be calm, Sibyl," he entreated.

"Calm? How can I be calm, feeling, as I do, that you never loved me?"

"Hush! If you will only be patient, I can explain that letter in a very few words. Until I came upon it accidentally to-day, I fully believed it had been destroyed."

"No doubt," she ejaculated, bitterly.

"You can see for yourself that it was written

Berenice."
Very briefly she related what had passed that eventful evening, and how, at the close of the interview, Lenore had been borne away, by Berenice's directions, in a deep swoon.
"Only give me the assurance that you love her no longer, that your affections have been wholly transferred to me, and I will be content," she murmured, the tears falling fast down her beautiful face.

her beautiful face.

"I have made you my wife, Sibyl—that should suffice."

"Is your life bound up in me as mine is in you?" He put his arm round her—drew her close to his throbbing heart. "It is thus that I answer you," he said, kissing lips and brow with all a

lover's rapture.

She lay in his arms, passive and happy. The storm of doubt and jealous frenzy had passed

storm of doubt and jealous frenzy had passed for a season.

"I ought to have been perfectly frank with you before our marriage," whispered Ross. "I see my mistake now that it is too late. I did feel that you had a right to know all; but alas, I struggled against the conviction. Can you forgive me?"

"Freely," she answered, in the joy of her heart.

"Freely," she answered, in the joy of her heart.

Ross felt less at ease. Some things had been said and done that puzzled him. He could not understand how Lenore had been made to disappear so suddenly. He wondered, too, why she had come to Greenmont at all.

"She must know that I have discovered her perfidy," he thought. "It was a cruel, wicked deception. She led me on to give her my hand, though her wifely vows were plighted to another. The wealth and position I could offer were greater temptations than she could withstand. She went through the mockery of a marriage—running a terrible risk to accomplish her end. Now, I fear she will brave it out, persist in her claims, and compel me to prove the fact of the first marriage in order to clear myself. That would be too horrible," and again the cold perspiration started on his forehead. "Horrible for her, because she would become answerable for a crime—horrible for us all. And my father would never forgive the exposure and scandal that must ensue."

Poor fellow! How much greater would have

And my father would never forgive the exposure and scandal that must ensue."

Poor fellow! How much greater would have been his distress had he known that Berenice had cruelly deceived him, and his second marriage, not the first, was null and void! How soon would he have put off those loving arms that now clung to him so tenderly.

The dinner-hour, at that unfashionable resort, was an early one. Ross and Sibyl were just emerging from the dining-room at the conclusion of the meal, when the bustle of an arrival greeted their ears. Two ladies came slowly down the hall, the one leaning heavily upon the arm of the other.

Ross looked, then looked again, his pulses throbbing as if they would burst their bounds. In his surprise and consternation a name fell from his pale and quivering lips:

from his pale and quivering lips:

"Lenore!"
The forsaken wife—for it was she—lifted her eyes to his face in a wild, incredulous stare. She, too, lost her presence of mind, for tottering up to him she held out her clasped hands, ejaculating, in a dying voice:

"Ross! Oh, my husband!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

QUAKER THOUGHTS.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

Why fall so shyly, pretty snows— So timidly to earth? Thou art the harbinger, thee knows, Of gladness, joy and mirth.

Thee covers up all hideous sights; Thee toys with beauteous things, Intensifying sweet delights And pluming hope's bright wings.

Thou art more pure than any thought Touched by the Spirit's power; Thou art so welcome, because fraught With life's enchanted hour.

No wonder that sweet childhood greets This semblance of itself, For purity; and fills the streets With many a shouting elf!

Thou art the keynote of the song Cold Winter sings to-day, Thou canst alone the strains prolong To chase our cares away.

Thee, a sweet lesson fain would teach, Pure little snowfiske white; 'Tis this: that blessings oft can reach Man, through the timest mite.

The Lamb and the Wolf;

The Heiress of Llangorren Court. BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,

F "SPECTER BARQUE,"
TO DEATH," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER LVIII.

A CHEERFUL KITCHEN.

OF all the domestics turned adrift from Llancorren one alone interests us—Joseph Preece—
Old Joe," as his young mistress used familiarto call him.

"Old Joe," as his young mistress used familiarly to call him.

As Jack Wingate has made his mother aware, Joe has moved into the house formerly inhabited by Coracle Dick; so far changing places with the poacher, who now occupies the lodge in which the old man erewhile lived as one of the retainers of the Wynn family.

Beyond this the exchange has not extended. Richard Dempsey, under the new regime at Llangorren, has been promoted to higher office than was ever held by Joseph Preece; who, on the other hand, has neither turned poacher, nor intends doing so. Instead, the versatile Joseph, as if to keep up his character for versatility, has taken to a new calling altogether—that of basket-Experience of the cooking of the supper, he has himself extended that the cooking of the supper, he has himself extended the cooking of the supper, he has the look of the cooking of the supper, he has the look of the cooking of the supper, he has the look of the cooking of the supper, he has the look of the cooking of the supper, he has the look of the cooking of the supper, he has deed the cooking of the supper, he has the look of the cooking of the supper, he has the look of the cooking of the supper, he has the look of the cooking of the supper, he has the look of the supper, he has the look of the supper he has the look of the supper, he has the look of the supper he h

eteras,
For himself? No; he has a bedroom besides.

lost the lady he will cling to the souvenir, which carries her honored name!

But, however faithful the old family retainer, and affectionate in his memories, he does not let their sadness overpower him, nor always give way to the same. Only at times when But, however faithing are and affectionate in his memories, he does are, and affectionate in his memories, he does are their sadness overpower him, nor always give way to the same. Only at times when something turns up more vividly than usual recalling Gwendoline Wynn to remembrance. On other and ordinary occasions he is cheerful enough, this being his natural habit. And never more than on a certain night shortly after that of his chance encounter with Jack Wingate, when both were a hopping at Rugg's Ferry, when both were a hopping at Rugg's Ferry, when both were a hopping at Rugg's Ferry, and affectionate in his memories, he does are the late tenam.

"Queer sort o' chap, that Coracle Dick! ain't he, Jack?"

"Course he be. But why do ye ask! You knowed him afore, well enough."

"Not so well's now. He never comed about the Court, 'ceptin' once when fetched there—afore the old Squire on a poachin' case. Lor! what a change! He now head-keeper o' the estatement of the same.

"And the same. Only at times when yet are hobnobbing."

"Queer sort o' chap, that Coracle Dick! ain't he, Jack?"

"Course he be. But why do ye ask! You knowed him afore, well enough."

"Not so well's now. He never comed about the Court, 'ceptin' once when fetched there—afore the old Squire on a poachin' case. Lor! what a change! He now head-keeper o' the estatement of the same and the court, 'ceptin' once when fetched there—afore the old Squire on a poachin' case. Lor! what a change! He now head-keeper o' the estatement of the same and the court, 'ceptin' once when fetched there—afore the old Squire on a poachin' case. Lor! what a change! He now head-keeper o' the estatement of the same and the court, 'ceptin' once when fetched there—afore the old Squire on a poachin' case. Lor! what a change! He now head-keeper o' the estatement of the court, 'ceptin' once when fetched there—afore the old Squire on a poac

"A bit o' supper and a drop o' somethin' to send it down," were the old boatman's words specifying the entertainment.

The night has come round, and the "bit o' The night has come round, and the "bit o' supper" is being prepared by Amy, who is acting as though she was never more called upon to practice the culinary art; and, according to her own way of thinking, she never has been. For, to let out a little secret, the French lady's-maid was not the only feminine at Llangorren Court who had cast admiring eyes on the handsome boatman who came there rowing Captain Ryecroft. Raising the curtain still higher, Amy Preece's position is exposed; she, foo having been caught in that same net, spread for neither.

Not strange then but also and the "bit o' supper don't object tellin' me, I'd like to hear "Well, one are, that Dick Dempsey ha' been in the practice of somethin' besides poachin'."

"That an't no news to me. I ha' long suspected him o' doin's worse than that."

"Among them did ye include forgin'!"

"No; because I never thought o' it. But I believe him to be capable o' it, or anything else. What makes ye think he 'a' been a forger!"

"Well, I won't say forger, for he mayn't 'a' made the things. But for sure he ha' been engaged in passin' them off."

"Passin' what a first of the control of the practice of somethin' besides poachin'."

"That an't no news to me. I ha' long suspected him o' doin's worse than that."

"Among them did ye include forgin'!"

"No; because I never thought o' it, or anything else. What makes ye think he 'a' been a forger?"

"Well, I won't say forger, for he mayn't 'a' made the things. But for sure he ha' been engaged in passin' them off." to practice the culinary art; and, according to her own way of thinking, she never has been. For, to let out a little secret, the French lady's maid was not the only feminine at Llangorren Court who had cast admiring eyes on the handsome boatman who came there rowing Captain Ryecroft. Raising the curtain still higher, Amy Preece's position is exposed; she, too, having been caught in that same net, spread for neither.

Court.

Court.

Court.

Not strange then, but altogether natural. She is now exerting herself to cook a supper that will give gratification to the expected guest. She would work her fingers off for Jack Wingate.

Possibly the ungle mer have seen a been.

That an't no news to me. I ha' long suspected him o' doin's worse than that."

"Among them did ye include forgin'!"

"No; because I never thought o' it. But I believe him to be capable o' it, or anything else. What makes ye think he 'a' been a forger!"

"Well, I won't say forger, for he mayn't 'a' made the things. But for sure he ha' been engaged in passin' them off."

"Passin' what off!"

"That an't no news to me. I ha' long suspected him o' doin's worse than that."

"Among them did ye include forgin'!"

"No; because I never thought o' it. But I believe him to be capable o' it, or anything else. What makes ye think he 'a' been a forger!"

"Well, I won't say forger, for he mayn't 'a' made the things. But for sure he ha' been engaged in passin' them off."

"That an't no news to me. I ha' long suspected him o' doin's worse than that."

"No; because I never thought o' it. But I believe him to be capable o' it, or anything else. What makes ye think he 'a' been a forger!"

"Well, I won't say forger, for he mayn't 'a' made the things. But for sure he ha' been engaged in passin' them off."

"Passin' what off!"

"That an't no news to me. I ha' long suspected him o' doin's worse than that."

gate,
Possibly the uncle may have some suspicion
about so alertly, and beof why she is moving about so alertly, and besides looking so pleased like. If not a suspicion, he has a wish and a hope. Nothing in life, now, would be so much to his mind as to see his niece me has a wish and a hope. Nothing in life, now, would be so much to his mind as to see his niece married to the man he has invited to visit him. For never in all his life has old Joe met one he so greatly "cottons" to. His intercourse with the young waterman, though scarce six months old, seems as if it had been of twice as many years: so friendly and pleasant, he not only wants it continued, but wishes it to become nearer and dearer. If his niece be baiting a trap in the cooking of the supper, he has himself set that trap by the "invite" he gave to the expected guest.

other, too, has spent all his days on Vaga's banks; but there have been more of them, and he no longer resident in that particular neighborhood. It is too early to enter upon subjects of a more serious nature, though a word now and then slips in about the late occurrence at Llangorren, still wrapped in mystery. If they bring shadows over the brow of the old boatman, these pass off, as he surveys the table which his niece has tastefully decorated with fruits and late autumn flowers. It reminds him of many a pleasant Christmas night in the grand servants' hall at the Court, under holly and missletoe, besides bowls of steaming punch and dishes of blazing snapdragon.

His guest knows something of that same hall; but cares not to recall its memories. Better likes he the bright room he is now seated in. Within the radiant circle of its fire, and the other pleasantsurroundings, he is for the time cheerful—letters—the inectials of her name. An' I see'd at the color of the same hole in the rocks, wi' a stone in front exact fittin' to an' fillin' its mount.

While speaking, he draws open a chest, and takes from it a bundle of some white stuff—apparently linen—loosely rolled. Unfolding, and holding it up to the light, he adds:

"There be the eydentical article!"

No wonder he thought the thing strange, found where he had found it. For it is a shroud! White, with a cross and two letters in red stitched upon that part which, were it upon a body, both cross and lettering would lie over the breast!

"Oh, God!" cries Jack Wingate, as his eyes rest upon the symbol. "That's the shroud Mary hor buried in! I can swear to 't. I see'd her mother stitch on that cross an' them letters—the inectials o' her name. An' I see'd her no herself in the colfe light, he adds:

"There be the same hole in the rocks, wi' a stone in front exact fittin' to an' fillin' its mouth."

While speaking, he draws open a chest, and takes from it stuck up the same hole in the rocks, wi' a stone in front exact fittin' to an' fillin' its mouth."

I foun' it stu

ant surroundings, he is for the time cheerful—almost himself again. His mother told him it was not good to be forever grieving—not righteous, but sinful. And now, as he watches the graceful creature moving about, actively engaged—and all on his account—he begins to think there may be truth in what she said. gaged—and all on his account—he begins to think there may be truth in what she said. At all events his grief is more bearable than it has been for long days past. Not that he is untrue to the memory of Mary Morgan. Far from it. His feelings are but natural, inevitable. With that fair presence flitting before his eyes, he would not be a man if it failed in some way to impress him.

After this exchange the ex-Charon, no longer constrained by the presence of a third party, launches out into a dialogue altogether different from that hitherto held between them—the subject being the late tenant of the house in which

"Ye say ye know him better than ye did! Ha' ye l'arned anythin' bout him o' late!" "That ha'e I; an' a goodish deal too. More'n

one thing as seems kewrous."
"If ye don't object tellin' me, I'd like to hear

pearance half-crown pieces.

"Counterfeits—every one c' 'em!" he adds, as the other sits staring at them in surprise.

"Where did you find them!" asks Jack.

"In the corner o' an old cubbord. Furbishin' up the place, I comed across them—besides a goodish grist o' other kewrosities. What would ye think o' my predecessor here bein' a burglar as well as smasher?"

"I wouldn't think that noways strange, neyther. As I've sayed already, I b'lieve Dick Dempsey to be a man who'd not mind takin' a hand at any mortal thing, howsomever bad. Burglary, or even worse, if it wor made worth his while. But what led ye to think he ha' been talso in the housebreakin' line?"

"These!" answers the old boatman, producing another and larger bag, the more ponderous contents of which he spills out on the floor, not the table; as he does so, exclaiming, "Theere be a lot o' oddities! A complete set o' burglar's

breast!

"Oh, God!" cries Jack Wingate, as his eyes rest upon the symbol. "That's the shroud Mary Morgan wor buried in! I can swear to it. I see'd her mother stitch on that cross an' them letters—the inectials o' her name. An' I see'd it on herself in the coffin 'fore 'twor closed. Heaven c' mercy! what do it mean?"

it on herself in the coffin 'fore 'twor closed. Heaven o' mercy! what do it mean?"

Amy Preece, lying awake in her bed, hears Jack Wingate's voice excitedly exclaiming, and wonders what that means. But she is not told; nor learns she aught of a conversation which succeeds in more subdued tone; prolonged to a much later hour—even into morning. For before the two men part they mature a plan for ascertaining why that ghostly thing is still above ground instead of in the grave, where the body it covered is coldly sleeping!

claimed Alice, her haughty face softening with frank smiles, but her brown eyes full of wonder yet. "And I suppose I must congratulate you upon this surprising bit of news Elinor has just heen communicating."

upon this surprising bit of news Elinor has just been communicating."

"Oh, thanks. And you have just heard?"

"Yes," said Elinor, who had dropped her letters all about the carpet and come swiftly forward with both hands extended in impetuous greeting. "I did not go to Larchdale as I intended, and letters sent me there have just reached me. Will you accept my congratulations? I wish you immense happiness," looking straight into his face with great charming gray eyes, cool and brilliant as his own. Then, with a gay laugh, "Why, Otis, how bewildered you look! Has not Bruce told you that he is to be married—on the— Why, it's to-night, is it not?"

"Yes, to-night," miling as indifferently as if getting married was the most matter-of-fact, commonplace, everyday experience in the world, but surprised to find that in his heart he was caring that Elinor Egerton evidently cared

which the solittle.
"Why, this is a surprise!" exclaimed Mr. Thorne, without the least attempt at polite disguisings of the truth, and glancing quizzically from one to another of the group. He was not guisings of the truth, and glancing quizzically from one to another of the group. He was not sure that he had ever thought of Bruce Endicott marrying his sister-in-law; but he was just as positive that it had never occurred to him that that gentleman might possibly marry some one also

ome one else. But whatever Mrs. Thorne might be ponder-But whatever Mrs. Thorne might be pondering, privately, concerning her sister's and her friend's affairs she knew that they would manage them, as they had always done, quite regardless of other people's thoughts or interference; and that, as hostess, her only duty was to spare these two any awkwardness and to keep her thoughtless husband from propounding unpleasant questions; which facts she managed to convey to that gentleman's understanding with one glance of her fine eyes, as the party gathered about the elegant breakfast-table. And so it proved one of the o.d-time social meals; and before the party arose it was agreed that they should spend the last day of Bruce's freedom together.

"I propose that we drive to the Park, and then on up the river, to an afternoon dinner" suggested Mr. Endicott. "How soon can you

cause I have thought it time to marry and settle down in life?"

cause I have thought it time to marry and settle down in life?"

"'As we have been friends'," repeated Elinor, throwing back her head imperiously. "Nonsense, Bruce! Do not think you can deceive either yourself of me with your exalted theories. And you might have spared yourself the trouble of explaining them at such length, and trying to soften their effect. Do you suppose I could know you so well, Bruce Endicott, and not foresee that this blow must fall sometime?"

"Then you care a little?" asked Bruce, quietly. "Care? Of course I do. You know that I must. But that is no matter—none at all. I shall live and be quite contented, even when you have passed out of my life. It is you that will suffer most and the girl you are going to marry." And, somehow, away down in his heart, despite his theories and his self-sufficiency, Bruce Endicott felt that Mrs. Egerton's words were true. Large a part of her life as he had shared, she could still be quite contented when he had parted from it—this brilliant, attractive woman whose independent life and defiance of conventionalities had charmed him dangerously but through many years had been the barrier which had stood between him and matrimony. But he, even with the wife of his choice, would he be as happy as he had been through all his intimate comradeship with this splendid, daring Elinor Egerton? And was it true that the girl he was about to marry would suffer through him? Impossible. His wife could but be satisfied with her lot.

"By the way, who is this girl? What is her name, and what is she like?" demanded Elinor, after a moment's pause.

"Her name is Lily Dinsmore. She is my uncles ward not wet out of the proper in the proper in the part of the part

name, and what is she like?" demanded Elinor, after a moment's pause.

"Her name is Lily Dinsmore. She is my uncle's ward, and not yet out of mourning for her pa ents. Without being handsome, she has a pretty figure, a sweet face, and excellent manners. But you will see for yourself, when we come to Newport."

"So you are coming to Newport, too? But I do not need to see her to know her. Your description is all-sufficient—a gentle, good little thing—your ideal woman; and, mark my words, Bruce, you will either break her heart or your own!"

own!"

"My dear Elinor, I hope I shall do neither.
She is my chosen wife, and she—"

"Adores you! the worse for her!" said Elinor, quietly, as her sister joined them.

And that was the last that passed between those two concerning Bruce's marriage, for months

Lily Endicott was at Newport, and the guest of the Thornes; and yet she saw so very little of Elinor Egerton that she scarcely felt so much as acquainted with her. It almost seemed that Bruce tried to keep his wife and his friend apart. Certainly, he was glad that in accepting the invitation to the home of the gay Southerners his wife, his gentle, complying, sweetly-dignified Lily, had not appeared in society in any intimate association with the woman whom of all others he desired was Endicated. ciety in any intimate association with the woman whom of all others he desired Mrs. Endicott to

whom of all others he desired Mrs. Endicott to be most unlike.

And Lily, sitting in the balcony that opened out of her room, and looking down at her husband handing Elinor Egerton—in glittering ball-dress—into her carriage, and lingering for a moment by the opened window which framed the dazzling face looking out upon him pondered, and sought to solve this apparent desire of Bruce to keep his friend to himself.

"You out here, Lily?" said her husband, breaking in upon her thoughts when Elinor and their host and hostess had been driven away.

"The night air is not good for an invalid; come in."

Lily took his proffered arm; but when he had placed her upon a sofa, and thrown himself into a chair, and fallen into a reverie, she cried out,

suddenly:

"Bruce, you think so much of Mrs. Egerton, I would like to know her better, too."

"That is just what I do not wish you to do," he answered, serenely. "I want my Lily to be just her own quiet, dignified little self; and I am afraid lest association with Mrs. Egerton should change, ever so slightly, the charms I so value in my wife."

"But Bruce, you seem to admire Mrs. Eger."

"But, Bruce, you seem to admire Mrs. Egerton very much"—a little piteously, coming and kneeling at his side.

"Yes; most men admire her—admire her style; but she is not the sort of woman a man would want in his home, you know. It would be impossible to imagine her bringing a man his smoking-jacket and slippers, pitiently stroking his head when he is tired, and looking after the buttons on his shirt." buttons on his shirt."

"And is that all that a wife is to a man?"—

ber voice, and shining in her tender eyes.

"Oh, no!" a little hastily; "but Mrs. Egerton is preëminently a woman of the world; and one almost too recklessly defiant of its codes and conventionalities. She could never be a do-

mestic woman."
"Most women could be anything for the man

they love."

"Do you think so, little girl?" pleasantly—leading her back to her sofa. "But be assured I had no desire to make the experiment, in this case. I wanted you for my wife, and my need is satisfied."

"And yet you gave your last free day—your wedding-day—to her," said Lily, slowly, as if speaking to herself, and still pondering a

speaking to herself, and still pondering a troublesome subject.

"Why not, since it in no way collided with your rights? Surely you are not jealous, Lily?" a trifle weariedly and sternly.

"No, Bruce; I shall never be jealous so long as you can tell me that my love satisfies you."

Poor Lily! In all honesty her husband had told her that; in all honesty her husband had told her that; in all honesty despite Elmor Egerton's prediction, he believed that he always could. But he learned the truth—they three who were the victims of this man's egotism—learned the truth all too soon.

"Come down and spend the holidays at Larchdale," Mrs. Egerton wrote, two winters later. "There will be quite a party here."

And Mr. and Mrs. Endicott went. And the moment that Bruce entered the presence of his hostess he knew that a flavor that had been missing from his life for months had returned

missing from his life for months had returned

He was first down in the drawing-room, and Eli or entering, and finding him there, went up to where he leaned against the tiled chimney-place, outlined in the dusk by the flickering

wood-fire, and held out her hands to him in the old frank fashion, saying, gravely:

"I am very glad, Bruce, to see you in my home. I hope you like it. Is it not a grand old place?"
"Elinor! Elinor!" He had caught

her white fingers in a powerful grasp and al-most sobbed the words, looking down into her

splendid face.
"What is it?" she asked, shuddering, with a sudden, uncontrollable thrill of her own deeply-buried misery welling up at the sadness in his voice, and seeking to withdraw her hands, but speaking calmly.
"I think I have made a terrible mistake! I

never realized it until I came into your presence, to-night, and knew how horribly I have hungered and thirsted for it all along!"

gered and thirsted for it all along!"

"Oh! no! no!" said Elinor, rapidly and bitterly. "Do not tell me that! You would never have been satisfied with other wife than your ideal woman—a model of gentleness, obedience, propriety. I could have loved you; but you did not care for love—to receive or give it."

"But I do now! Oh, Elinor! That is life, after all! If love is not the masterful passion of one's being, everything else is insipid and worthless. But love ought to atone for all things."

They both steod mute, momently, under the spell of Lily Endicott's ashy face. Then Elinor threw herself upon her knees before her; but the girl motioned her away.

"I am jealous of her now, Bruce! I know that you have lied to me all along! Deliberately you have wreeked my life!"

ly you have wrecked my life!"
No, not meaningly, Lily," coming forward and kneeling with Elinor before his wife. "Oh,

believe me that I thought I was working out my own best happiness and yours when I asked you to marry me."

"And yet you loved her!"

"Do not blame him too severely," said Elinor, quietly. "Bruce Endicott believed, with many another man, that what is admirable in a female friend would not be desirable or lovable in a wife; and that he could compel his heart to be happy with you, and make you happy."

"And he has falled miserably, because his heart was yours long ago," drearily.

"But he did not know it, Lily. He had taught himself to believe that he could not love me, however fond he was off my companionship; and even if he had known it he would not have had confidence enough in me to be devoured by the hungry glut of the tribunal.

A third gun roared upon the watery air. Its salvo was the signal for the march.

A third gun roared upon the watery air. Its salvo was the signal for the march.

There were chose who closed their eys at scabbards clanking at the stirrup, horse-hoofs to sabbards clanking at the stirrup, horse-hoofs to the read to five fruit of her gentle ministrations still exists
to the fruits of her gentle ministrations still exists
to the fruits of her gentle ministrations still exists
to the fruits of her gentle ministrations s

had confidence enough in me to have made me his wife."

"No more excuses for me, Elinor. I do not deserve them. I have been willfully wrong, and proud, and blind. But, Lily, hear me! There is but one thing left us—to go away, together, and be as kind to each other as we can."

And the next morning the Endicotts left Larchdale and soon sailed for other countries, whence Lily never came home— Home? She had none in this world; Bruce had destroyed it for her.

Long after, Bruce Endicott sought Mrs. Eger-

Long after, Bruce Endicott sought Mrs. Egerton, asking, gravely:

"Elinor, is it too late to rectify my mistake?
Can you love me after all that I have made you suffer—all the terrible wrong I did Lily?"

"I love you—I always shall. There has not been a moment of my existence, since you first met me—a spoiled, reckless, heart-whole young widow, that I would not have laid down my life for your sake, Bruce."

And Endicott knows, now, that love can atone for all things. for all things.

KINGSLEY'S TOMB.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON

Charles Kingsley started on a missionary voyag around the world, but sickened and died in Asia and was buried in Palestine.

By sacred waters thou art sleeping, And far arross the sea, Rest thy friends in 'Minster's keeping, Remote from thee.

Their tombs are 'neath the churchyard sod, Shaded by oak and pine, While golden Olivet --Mount of God---O'ershadows thine.

The murmur of the sacred sea is heard around thy tomb.
And flowers on the waving lea O'er thee bloom.

But then, thy pilgrimage is over, And sweet meroories remain That around thy lone grave hover, By ruined Nain.

Above the glistening beach of sand Arise the Moslem minarets, While a Christian church n a distant land Thy fate regrets.

For there in a majesty sublime
Death came to thee,
And thine only funeral chime
Was the whisper of the sea.

The Man of Steel;

The Masked Knight of the White Plume. A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE,"
"BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "SILVER SERPENT," "STAR OF DIAMONDS,"
"FIRE-FIENDS OF CHICAGO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII. A DAY of extraordinary dampness dawned upon reeking Paris, to make more deep the prevailing depression and the muttering voice of

Hundreds of hearts in the crowded prisons palpitated in dread, as the eyes opened to the first gray blush of light, breaking like some sullen lantern of uncertainty behind portentous

At an early hour the keepers were astir and usy counting out the captives doomed to death

The rain that threatened the night before had

The rain that threatened the night before had fallen in torrents, and now settled down to a sold, shivering drizzle, through which the hurrying figures of men and women moved like phantoms in a mirage.

There were wailings, greans and prayers that day. Fond ties were to be severed by the reduced hand of the executioner, sweetest hopes nipped almost at the verge of bloom; the last caress, the sobs and tears of loved ones agonized the souls of all who saw, excepting those grim and scowl-

f all who saw, excepting those grim and scowl-ing minions waiting to drag their victims forth, elighting in the wholesale sacrifice that might, delighting in the wholesale sacrifice that might, ere long, involve even themselves.
Old and young, almost childhood, shrunk aghast at the creeping prospect, for though the sun itself seemed shrouded as if in Heaven's horror of the crimes perpetrated on its every rising, none were spared who had been sent to the Conciergerie, whither our interest lies.

Madame Elise, who had not even been brought to trial—but who, through the fiendish devising of Captain St. Liege, was known to be among the fated number—stood like a statue of mute and apathetic despair with the others who had been hustled from their cells preparatory to

Madame Elise and Quatorin were seated side by side in the same cart. As the dread moment approached nearer and nearer, all the cowardice ever dormant in his craven nature asserted and displayed itself. He quivered in every joint and his eyes rolled around from side to side, as if hoping that the numerous assassin band, of which he was a member, would essay his rescue. But, though he saw many familiar faces, none were foothardy enough to raise hand or voice in his behalf.

were foolhardy enough to raise hand or voice in his behalf.

The gaze of Madame Elise was turned upward to the leaden mantle of clouds, the rain streaming unminded down upon her white face, as if she saw there already, the portal of that unknown "beyond" which soon was to be hers. A smile, faint, but of ineffable sweetness, wreathed her whispering lips. Her whole attitude—the thrilling calm and angelic mien—overwhelmed the hardened and cowardly Quatorin. "Madame! whoever you are," he gulped, as if his half-savage breast was bursting with emotin, "in mercy's name, tell me how you can take this thing so quietly! Teach me—a man who has blasphemed for a lifetime—how to do the same, I beseech you."

The eyes of Madame Elise turned upon him; and if Quatorin possessed a soul, their soft, clear glance went deep, deep to its core, filling him with a tremor unlike anything he had ever known before.

"Renent, then, and you shall be foreiven.

with a tremor unlike anything he had ever known before.

"Repent, then, and you shall be forgiven. Poor man, have courage. We are to die to-day—but we shall wake to-morrow. Look up—up—far up. He is there, the Judge of the guilty, and the Savior of the rightsous. Though red with wrong, your hands may be purified in that great stream of repentance, where all must bathe before entering the temple of Heaven's glory. Repent. Repent and pray, as I do; He will not forget, but sustain you."

"Ah! madame, I cannot pray; I never learned—"

ed—"
"Then kneel, and I will pray for both."
The shaggy, shabby, ugly-faced Quatorin sunk to his knees like a child at her feet, and for a few moments listened, with bowed head, to the low, earnest words that Madame Elise uttered in appeal for him and herself.

A wondrows indescribble servection, almost

A wondrous, indescribable sensation, almost delirium, seized the fellow. It was the first prayer that had ever been offered for Quatorin—treacherous, wicked Qua orin—the first kind voice that had ever spoken to or o' him, and scalding tears, from eyes that had never wept till now coursed down his propred and brighting till now, coursed down his bronzed and bristling

"Madame!" he exclaimed, at last, "if God can hear so wicked a wretch as I am, let Him mark down my thanks to you for what you have said to Him of me! Oh! if I could but live my life over, with that voice of prayer forever in my ears, I would be able to meet my Creator with an open face. Heaven bless and receive you, madame! But let me know, before I die, who you are that has done this kindness for me!"

"I am the Baronne de Cosgnac," answered that unfortunate lady.

"What! Possible! Why, madame, it is because of you that I am here. Last night I, and others bad as myself, were in a plot to rescue you from the Conciergerie. The plot was discovered—here is the consequence. I have been repeating to myself, the whole morning long:

'I have, at least, the consolation of knowing that I am to die in striving to do a good deed."

"Then be assured," said madame, gratefully pressing his horny palm, "that act is recorded to your credit, and will blot out much of an evil past—" I am the Baronne de Cosgnac," answered

Ha! there is the scaffold!" broke in Quatorin,

with a start of dismay, and before madame could ask, as she had intended, who had con-ceived the plot, and its method, for her release. "Courage, friend, courage. And now, since sacred commune together with God has formed a tie between us, my last desire in this world is, that you and all the others may be spared the misery of seeing me die."

Quatorin's distended eyes were fixed and

The cramming, jostling crowd that followed and surrounded the solemn procession now widened out as more room was gained by the arrival at Place de la Revolution, where another

and larger congregation of both sexes awaited the hour of execution.

and larger congregation of both sexes awaited the hour of execution.

As the procession wheeled into Place de la Revolution, a loud cry went up from the expectant throng, being echoed back by the coming multitude, whose boisterous halloes rose above and drowned both the orders of the officers and the despairing moans of the doomed occupants of the death-carts.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the breastwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than one bosom was forced by the pressure from beyond. Forward moved the procession, the fronts of the horses and the sharp sabers of the cavalrymen forcing, cutting, trampling a breach through the dense g thering.

When the carts were ra 'ged around the scaffold, the excitement grew more intense.

Not far off, at one side, sitting cross-legged on a broken column, or pedestal, of marble, was the fat and fighby form of Jean Valasame. The

the fated number—stood like a statue of mute and apathetic despair with the others who had been hustled from their cells preparatory to their march to the scaffold on Rue de la Revolution.

She was pale as death, but not a look or action betrayed the natural torture of her mind; the expression of her face was that of simple resignation and anxiety for her soul alone. All thoughts, just them, were past, save those of prayer; and in the midst of such sorrowings and heartrending adieus she appeared to be crowned with the strength that none can have unless sustained by fatth in the life to come and a retrospect of faultless deeds.

Quatoriu was there. They were to make short work with this ruffian. Caught in the act of attempting to rob the guillotine of an illustrious victim, an order had been received at the Conciergerie to behead him at once and with the rest upon this occasion. He stood apart, with folded arms, moody, silent, yet trembling inwardly with a most cowardly fear.

"Would that I were like that woman," were his thoughts ashe watched Madame Elise. "She seems no more disturbed by want is coming than if it was to be some holiday jaunt. Her lips move. She prays. Alt that must be the secret. In a few minutes the gun boomed, as if half-smothered in the distance. It was the signal to prepare. In a few minutes the gun boomed again. The prisoners were paired off, pushed forward and marched out.

Before the Conciergerie there was a large and standing procession of soldiery and a line of black-painted carts, each pulled by a single horse.

The victims were seated a these carts, bareheaded, exposed to the saturating rain and the view of a wedged, swaying, hooting rabble congregated to witness the daily march of those unfortunates sentenced to the block.

A company of cavalry was in the vanimum to the fear off, at one side, stituing of saturding the wild in the act of such and stood of the rate of such and show the surging thought the fat and flabby form of Jean Vallague, or like of the previous night, Jean Vallag

unfortunates sentenced to the block.

A company of cavalry was in the van; mounted guards ranged upon each side of the long line of somber carts; a platoon of musketeers brought up the rear.

A sickening sight—those helpless men and wo-

hated nobility—so great was the bond of gratitude on their consciences.

"Oh, God! this is more than I can endure!" groaned Latour, staggering in the arms of his companions. "My mother! To see her die thus, and I unable to defend her! Can Heaven permit so gross a deed!" and he buried his face in his hands, sobbing like a child.

The soulful eyes of Madame Elise at that moment rested upon the three fishermen. She saw the reeling and supported form and the action that told of his weeping. She could not catch a glimpse of his disguised face, but something whispered to the mother's heart that it was Latour, compelled thus, helplessly, to witness her immolation. The smile on her lips grew fairly radiant, and for the first time tears trickled on her cheeks—tears of joy and thankfulness,

radiant, and for the first time tears trickled on her cheeks—tears of joy and thankfulness, even in that awful hour, to know that her darling son was still safe and free.

"God bless and preserve my son!" she breathed, at the moment that two men laid hold upon ther, to force her to her knees for the stroke of the stained and reeking sword.

"Bear up, Monsieur Latour," urged one of his companions. "Remember this scene, be strong, and live for vengeance."

"They are murderers!" impetuously exclaimed the young man, in a loud tone.

"Who dared to make that speech? Point him out! Death to the nobility and all their sympathizers!" was the instant uproar.

ne of the young nobles, with ready wit, and to save the life of Latour, promptly pointed to Jean Valasque, saying:

"It was he. That man up there."

A wild shriek burst from Jean Valasque, who was dragged from the pedestal, crushed to the ground and torn to pieces by a score of furious hands.

"Look! Look! Latour! What can be the

hands.
"Look! Look! Latour! What can be the meaning of that delay and trouble at the scaffold?" A sudden commotion had occurred at the foot

of the timbered steps, and a second later a fe-male figure elbowed through the mass, raced up the steps and threw her arms around the person of Madame Elise.

It was Pearline!

Her beautiful tresses floated in the wind and rain, and her lovely, eager and startled face, full of resentment and defiance, confronted the special few assembled on the scaffold. "You must not!—you shall not!" she screamed, desperately. "Have you not blood enough, already? Spare her!—or strike first through me!—for the same blow that takes her life must take mine, too! Strike!—strike now, while we stand thus!—but let the blade reach me first!"

The wonderfu! beauty and daring courage of the maiden produced an immediate and singular effect.

The Deputies of the Committees announced,

"The life of Madame Elise is spared; but she must quit France and never return."

A murmur passed from lip to lip; then a huzza that rent the air with an enduring echo arose from the ever-fluctuating and impulsive French

people.

The act of heroism touched a home chord in their spirit, and cheer after cheer greeted the savior and the saved as they were borne away in the same death-cart that had brought ma-

in the same death-cart that had brought madame to the scaffold.

Had Captain Poilet St. Liege been present, according to his full intention, the rescue of Madame Elise would never have transpired. But St. Liege was not there, for a very good reason, nor had he been seen or heard of during the whole of that morning.

There is little more to add.

Pearline and her lover were thus strangely reunited, and the life of malame saved, through the goodness of Providence. The three fled to Germany.

Before their departure, however, Latour had visited the shop of the apothecary on Rue Vivienne, and obtained at the hands of Perruewhom he bribed liberally—the casket which contained all the valuable papers requisite to prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the prove the name and title of Pearline to the proventies of the results of the proventies of the proventies of the proventies are the proventies of the proventies and proventies are the proventies of the proventies are the proventies of the proventies are the proventies of the proventies are the proventies are the proventies of the proventies are the proventies of the proventies are the proventies

A ghastly tableau was discovered in the la- 29-A GIRL'S HEART. By Rett Winwood... Flat on the floor, upon his back, lay Poilet St.
Liege. Above and astraddle of him was Paschal Broeck. In the forehead of the latter, having penetrated all obstruction of bone, was a dagger driven to the hilt and still wedged firmly there. The white, sinuous fingers of the apothecary were coiled and griped, rigid and frozen, at the neck of St. Liege. Both had perfrozen, at the neck of St. Liege. Both had per-ished in the encounter which the captain sought when he learned that Paschal Broeck

was his old enemy, by the oath of vendetta, Hurol Bonville.

The beautiful Pearline was wedded at last to The beautiful Pearline was wedded at last to her faithful lover, Latour de Cosgnac, and when they were joined by the Baron de Cosgnac—which happened when the disguised nobleman had followed the fortunes of Bonaparte until the latter was rowned emperor in the church of Notre Dame—these four became a wondrously happy and affectionate household, content with all that tends to beautify and comfort life, and caring naught for additional riches that might or might not have resulted from extensive litigation over the hereditary estates of St over the hereditary estates of St Liege in Seville.

THE END.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement,

An Encyclopædia of Song!

For Songs of the Day and Standard Songs of all Ages and Nations see

BEADLE'S HALF-DIME

50 or more Songs in each Issue.

Now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers, five cents each; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of eix cents per copy. BEADLE & ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM STREET, New York.

Dime Funny Speaker, No. 21.

The funniest things of the funniest writers, and numerous original and adapted pieces expressly prepared for the work.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 William St., New York.

The Dime Dialogues NO. 23.

Fresh, original and specially prepared school, exhibition and parlor pieces: for scholars and characters of all grades. Lsughable, humorous, effective and stiking. Headily adapted to all stages, with easy accessories, inexpensive costumes and but lit-

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, ten cents. BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 William St., New York.

Base-Ball Player, Book of Croquet.

MANUALS FOR HOUSEWIVES. Beadle's Dime Family Series aims to supply a class of text-books and manuals fitted for every person's use--the old and the young, the learned and the unlearned. They are of conceded value.

Cook Book.
Recipe Book.
Housekeeper's Guide.

Sold by all newsdealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, ten cents each! BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Dialogues, Dramas and Recitations

School Exhibitions and

Parlor Theatricals. BEADLE AND ADAMS have now on their lists the ollowing highly desirable and attractive textpooks, prepared expressly for schools, families, etc.
Sach volume contains 100 large pages, printed from
plear, open type, comprising the best collection of
plalogues, Dramas and Recitations, (burlesque,
comic and otherwise.) The Dime Speakers for the
pleason of 1879—as far as now issued, embrace
wenty-one volumes, viz.
11. American Speaker 11. Dime Debater

American Speaker.

National Speaker.
Patriotic Speaker.
Comic Speaker.
Elocutionist.

Humorous Speaker.
Standard Speaker.
Stump Speaker.
Sump Speaker.
Sump Speaker.
Sump Speaker.
Spead-eagle Speaker.
Spread-eagle Speaker.
The above books are for sale by all neaved-alors on

The above books are for sale by all newsdealers. sent, post-paid, on receipt of price—ten cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHER 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

THE FIRESIDE LIBRARY.

1-WAS SHE HIS WIFE? By Mrs. Crowell.... 10c. 2—FLEEING FROM LOVE. By Harriet Irving. 10c. 3—DID HE LOVE HER? By B. T. Campbell... 10c. -A STRANGE WOMAN. By Rett Winwood. 10c. 5-NADIA, THE RUSSIAN SPY. By Capt. Fred. Whittaker.

6-TWO GIRLS' LIVES. By Mrs. Crowell. 9-THE WAR OF HEARTS. By Corinne Cush 10-LEIGHTON GRANGE. By Miss Braddon. 10c.

11-THE FALSE WIDOW. My Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton. 12-13-LOST FOR LOVE. By Miss Braddon... 10c. 14-15-TOILERS OF THE SEA. By V. Hago.. 10c. 16-THE QUADROON. By Catherine Warfield.. 100. 17-18—UNCLE SILAS. By J. S. Le Fanu. 10c. 19-20—DEAD-SEA FRUIT. By M'ss Braddon . 10c.

83-STRANGELY WED. By Mrs. J. D. Burton. 100 34-THE GIPSY BRIDE. By M. E. O. Malen. 10c. 85-ANNIE TEMPLE. By Rev. J. H. lngraham 10c. 87--BLACK EYES AND BLUE. By Corinne Cush-38-BRAVE BARBARA. By Corinne Cushman. 10c

89-A DANGEROUS WOMAN, By Margaret 40—OUIDA'S LOVE. By Henrietta E, De Conde 10c. 41—LOST: A WIFE. By Corinne Cushman...10c. 42-WINNING WAYS. By Margaret Blount ... 10c. 43-A WOMAN'S HEART. By Mrs M. V. Victor 10c. 44 THE DEAD LETTER. By Seeley Regester 10c.

45 LORD LISLE'S DAUGHTER. By C. M. 46 A WOMAN'S HAND. By the author of "The Dead Letter". For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage paid, on receipt of twelve cents. BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers,

98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK. THE SUNNYSIDE LIBRARY.

The cream of poetic literature. Each number complete. Beautiful letter press; illustrated. I. LALLA ROOKH. By Tom Moore. 10 cents. II. DON JUAN. By LORD BYRON. 20 cents. III. PARADISE LOST. By MILTON. 10 cents. IV. LADY OF THE LAKE. By SCOTT. 10 cents. V. LUCILE. By OWEN MEREDITH. 10 cents.

VI. UNDINE; OR, THE WATER SPIRIT. From the German of Fredrich de la Motte Fouque. 10c. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage paid, on receipt of twelve cents for single numbers: double numbers twenty-four cents, by ADAMS, VICTOR & CO., Publishers, No. 98 William Street, New

Transparent Cards, 40 Designs. Your name elegantly printed on 40 and sent in neat case for only 10cts. TURNER & CO., Ashlar Mass. 464-4t. P

WANTED-A good man for every State to sell our goods by sample. Fair salary paid. Ref-erences required. LABELLE MAN'F'G CO., 93 Clark St., Chicago.

Riegant New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10 cts. postpaid. Geo. I. REED & Co., Nassau, 452-26t. H.

7 A DAY to Agents canyssing for the Fire-side Visitor. Terms and Outfit Free. Ad-dress, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

50 Perfumed, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto, &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet, 10 cents. G. A. SPRING & CO., E. WALLINGFORD, CONN. 454-18t. H.

20 all Chromo Cards, Cupids, Mottoes, Flowers, with name, 10cts. Nassau Card Co., Nassau 469-13t. R.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

My grandsire's clock stood in the hall,
Where it ticked the years away,
And lots of time did it consume;
'Twas hungry night and day.
'Twas long, and lank, and somewhat old,
But then it acted bad;
It ran quite fast when I had fun,
And slow when I was sad.

It counted all my youthful hours;
It told my mother, too,
When I was gone, how many hours
I had been overdue.
My "in a minute" by that clock
Was rather long-drawn-out;
It ended sometimes in dispute,
And I—I wasn't stout.

It told me when to go bed
Entirely too soon,
And then it brought the breakfast hour
Too previous to noon.
It went against me all the time,
And somehow made me sour,
And sixty little minutes made
What shey would call an hour.

It interfered so much with time
When I'd go out to play,
That once I readjusted it
And—something was to pay.
Two dozen hours made a day,
When playing I would toil;
But when I vorked that awful clock
Was much in need of oil.

It ticked my childhood's days away
Before they seemed half through;
It brought me many a happy hour—
And many a licking, too.
Its tick, tick, tick rings in my ear
Familiarly to-day;
And it insinuates that I
Will soon be growing graner

Will soon be growing gr-een.

I've seen the time when that old clock
Was stuffed too full of time,
But then it brought the hour for meals—
And then it was sublime!
(I think I never missed a meal
And one I never earned);
Those hands have told off several hours
Which never have returned.

I watch that clock with other eyes
Than in the old time gone;
It tells me of the speed of time
And due-bills coming on.
Its tick, tick, tick is just the same
As what it used to be,
But then its meaning, I am sure,
Is different to me.

Tick on, old clock, the guide of Time,
Thy voice I love to hear!
And may it for a hundred years
Make music in my ear.
Deal out your time with careful hands;
The times are changed, you know;
Go lightly, smoothly on, old clock,
But—go a little slow!

Walt. Ferguson's Cruise.

A Tale of the Antarctic Sea.

BY C. D. CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," "TENTING IN THE
NORTH WOODS," ETC., ETC.

A VILLAINOUS COMPACT-THE SAILOR'S PERIL THE YACHTSMAN TO THE RESCUE

—THE YACHTSMAN TO THE RESCUE.

IN a low room of a sailor's haunt in the purlieus of a whaling city two men sat in close discussion. One was a sailor—you could be sure of that at a glance—and the other a gentleman, as far as fine clothing and the appearance of culture were concerned. Yet there was something in the lowering glance which he shot from under his heavily-arched eyebrows which was far from pleasant. He was a man somewhat past the middle age, who had evidently taken life easily, and proposed to do the same, if possible, during the remainder of his years.

His companion, the sailor, was a person whose face was not altogether bad, and yet who looked like one who might be tempted to do an evil deed, if by that he could advance his own interests. He had a look of cumping in his face now, and was in a mood to drive a hard bargain with the man before him.

"No more drink for me, Mr. Stanford," he said, pushing away the bottle. "It won't do for a man in liquer to try to drive a trade. Its.

No more drink for the, Mr. Stanford," he said, pushing away the bottle. "It won't do for a man in liquor to try to drive a trade. I'm Yankee enough to know that,"

"I thought you liked it."

curse—no man knows that better than you; and who led me to it? But with age comes reason, and I can see that the man who drinks is apt to give himself away in the end. After we come to terms I'll drink as long and as hard as you like."

The gentleman looked at him for a moment with a seowling brow, but at last broke into

laugh.
"Let it go at that, Jack," he said. "I, for one, am glad that you are coming to your senses, for you know well that you would have been in command of a ship long ago but for that one failing. Now, to business: I am going to send a boy to sea with you, this cruise—a boy who has been everything evil, and I want you to break his spirit or break his neck, I don't much care which." care which

Go on; you mean something else besides

"Perhaps I do. Can't you see a point without it is put in shape to suit you?"

"Yes, I might understand, but I want you to state it in so many words. Would you be very much grieved if the boy never came back?"

The gentleman looked quickly over his shoulder as if to see if any one was witchinged.

der as if to see if any one was watching, and then bent closer.

"Look here, Jack," he said; "on the day when you come back and say that this young cub, whom I hate, is in a place from which he cannot return, I will pay you five thousand dollars and give you the command of the Flying Cloud. What do you say?"

"It is a bargain! I'll see to it that he never comes hack"

They filled their glasses and drank a bumper to the success of their vile scheme; then the gen-tleman wrapped his cloak about him and hur-

"A bad lot, a bad lot!" muttered the sailor, as he filled his glass again. "Curse the old skinfiint! He has been my bane all through life, and I suppose I must do his dirty work to the end of the chapter."

He sat there for an hour drinking glass after.

He sat there for an hour, drinking glass after glass of the fiery liquor, until his brain was all in a whirl, when he rose and staggered from the place, with a dim idea that he must make

the place, with a dim idea that he must make his way to the ship which lay in the harbor. He worked his sinuous way along the streets until the cool air of the sea began to blow in his face, and he came out upon the wharf in full view of the shipping. A small dingy lay there; he entered her with difficulty and got out his oars, pushing away from the wharf and almost upsetting the boat in the attempt to recover his oar.

'Jack, Jack!" he cried, in a tone of supreme contempt. "Here you are, drunk and disorderly; allers drunk when you get a day's liberty ashore. You ought to be keelhauled, my erty ashore. You ought to be keenhauted, lad; that's what's the matter. Whoopee! Get

It was bright moonlight, and he was crossing the bows of a swift-sailing yacht, which was standing out of the harbor for a moonlight run, going free, with a merry party on board, most of whom were thinking of anything except the sailor in the dingy. Only one person, a grace-ful, handsome boy who had just raised the peak and taken a turn to make fast, got his eye on 'the dingy for a moment

his fist at the erect figure on the quarter-deck eighty at the least and standing fully six feet

his fist at the erect figure on the quarter-deck forward.

"Starboard your helm, Dick!" shouted the boy. "Hard, boy, hard!"
The order was promptly obeyed, and the young fellow who gave the order leaped to the peak halyards designing to dip the peak. But the drunken sailor had resumed his oars, and pulled two hard strokes, and the sharp prow of the swift yacht struck the small boat, cutting her down in an instant, and they heard a horrible grating sound under the keel as the yacht passed over her.

eighty at the least and standing fully six feet high.

Ben was a quiet, silent fellow—in fact, a regular tacitum giant, attended strictly to his duties, and was extremely slow in forming friend-ships.

But the big mate and myself were by our duties thrown much in contact, for we shared the middle watch together, and of course it wasn't in human nature that two men should pass hour after hour of the silent night together without indulging in conversation, particularly when of the two men was an eager inequicitive.

"Throw her up into the wind, Dick!" shouted the young commander, as he bounded upon the rail, "and you, Ned, stand by to throw me a

Joining his hands above his head he hurled

Joining his hands above his head he hurled himself headforemost into the water, rising not far from the struggling sailor, who made a desperate attempt to clutch him. But the boy quickly eluded his grasp, and caught him by the thick hair upon the back of his head.

"No you don't!" he cried. "On your back, quick! I'll save you."

The sailor, drunk as he was, seemed to understand that he must obey; he flung himself on his back just as a coil of rope, thrown by a practiced hand, fell across the arm of the brave boy, who caught it with his disengaged hand and sung out to the men on the yacht to haul away.

They obeyed promptly, and the two, the boy They obeyed promptly, and the two, the boy clinging to the hair of the sailor, were quickly dragged up to the side of the yacht. One of the yachtsmen, bending forward, caught the sailor by the shoulder, when the boy who had saved bim released his hold and clambered over the rail. Then they laid hold of Jack Maxwell and

dragged him aboard.
"All right, lads," said the boy. "How do you feel, old man?"

But the big mate and myself were by our duties thrown much in contact, for we shared the middle watch together, and of course it wasn't in human nature that two men should pass hour after hour of the silent night together without indulging in conversation, particularly when one of the two men was an eager, inquisitive fellow like myself, with a passion for hearing strange stories; and I was fully satisfied, too, that the Big Mate was a walking Arabian Nights, full of strange tales.

that the Big Mate was a walking Arabian Nights, full of strange tales.

At last my curiosity was gratified.

One night, as we were slowly forging upstream with a big load of cotton on board, for once in his life Big Ben became communicative.

I had been relating some little adventures of my own on the upper river during the war, happening in and about the towns of Hard Times and Waterproof, when we Confeds used to lure the Yankee gunboat officers ashore, "hunting magnolias," as their pursuit of our fair and dashy Southern girls was commonly termed, and then bag them, body and boots.

"Women ar' wuss than Old Nick, sometimes," the mate earnestly remarked, when I had concluded my recital.

"Ah, you have some experience, then? Spin a yarn to while the tiresome hours away."

For a wonder the big fellow consented.

"Ah, you have some experience, then? Spin a yarn to while the tiresome hours away."
For a wonder the big fellow consented.
"Have you ever been in Mexico?" he asked.
I replied in the negative, for at that time I had never visited the land of Montezuma, although only a short time after 'his period of which I write, chance turned my wayward steps in that direction, and as one of the Foreign Legion I drew my sword in the service of the Austrian adventurer.

"Tiger led the way right straight through the town, trotting on ahead with his bushy tail wagging, and every once in a while turning his head around to see if I was following him.

"It was very early in the morning and there was hardly a soul stirring in the town.

"Tiger went right on through the town and then took a country road leading to the interior. We followed this road about five miles I suppose, and then we came to where a turbulent mountain stream was rushing down. It was in the spring, and the rains had swollen the 'branch' into quite a river.

"When we came to the stream the dog turned abruptly to the right, and took a sort of blind trail leading up the bank of the branch.

"It was a rough, uncertain pathway, and it was no easy job to follow it, but I stuck close to the dog's heels, much to his delight, and finally we came to a little sort of clearing, and upon the opposite bank was a small sort of cabin. The moment the dog caught sight of the cabin he sat down on his haunches, and pointing his nose at the hut gave a low growl.

"I jumped at the deficulty in a moment. Johnny was in the cabin. Some of the Guyamas Greasers had watched him come on shore, and knowing that he attended to the schooner's business had got the idea that he had money with him, and so had decoyed him to the lonely cabin; I felt sure that the boy was in there, but whether alive or dead I knew not.

"I forded the stream, and, just as cautious as a 'coon stealing into a hen-house, peeked into the house.

"Wal; there was about six Greasers stretched

house.

"Wal; there was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was awake and saw me; I made him a sign to keep quiet, and stole into the room and then h'isted him outen it, jest as slick as a whistle. There was a gully jest right back of the house, and no sooner had I got across and climbed up the bank when the Greasers came tearing out: but jest at that very which I write, chance tarried by vayward steps in that direction, and as one of the Foreign Legion I drew my sword in the service of the water-dog emerging from a bath, and growled:

"You kid-glove sailors don't make no bones of running a man down, do ye?"

"They pick up the chips, howsomever, old boy," replied the man at the helm. "Dry up, you; ef it hadn't bin fur the boy, whar would ye be? In Davy Jones's locker, I reckon."

"That's you, eh, Dick Frisbee? Mighty crank you be, since you took to pond-sailing. Didn't yer cussid craft cut me in two, say?"

"A man that was fool enough to stop and shake his first under the bows of a swift-sailin' clipper orter be cut in two. But stow that,"

"They pick up the chips, howsomever, old boy," replied the man at the helm. "Dry up, you; ef it hadn't bin fur the boy, whar would ye be? In Davy Jones's locker, I reckon."

"That's you, eh, Dick Frisbee? Mighty crank you be, since you took to pond-sailing. Didn't yer cussid craft cut me in two, say?"

"A man that was fool enough to stop and shake his first under the bows of a swift-sailin' clipper orter be cut in two. But stow that,"

"They pick up the chips, howsomever, old boy," replied the man at the helm. "Dry up, you; ef it hadn't bin fur the boy, whar would ye be? In Davy Jones's locker, I reckon."

"Wal, one fine day we came to anchor off Guyamas—mebbe you know whar the town is?" I signified that I did, and the story pro-

With proper attention to the few hints we have suggested, nothing more need be considered

With proper attention to the few hints we have suggested, nothing more need be considered necessary for stage appointments.

As regards the grouping of figures, a taste for light and shade will have to be studied. Too many brilliant colors are to be avoided. Should there be one figure in the picture on which the interest centers, and that a female figure, she should be dressed in white or black. The tallest figures should stand in the background, and there also the light-colored dresses should be placed. Two or three plainly-clothed figures show off the richly-trimmed ones.

The choice of subjects will depend a great deal upon what costumes are available, but it is surprising how effective different articles of wearing apparel may be made which in themselves were never intended for the work which they are made to do. Handsome table-covers or brocaded curtains make very effective trains and queens' robes, and shawis are invaluable for Turkish or Indian scenes.

An interesting picture, entitled "The Novice," may be produced in the following manner:—A tall gentieman, attired as a priest, stands at the center of the group with a prayer-book. At each side of him are placed two boys dressed in red and white, holding tapers. At his feet kneels a beautiful young lady with long hair (if it is light hair, all the better), dressed in a flowing robe of pure white. A nun in black, with a red cross on her breast, is in the act of cutting off the novice's hair, while a second nun stands ready to receive it; four or five kneeling nuns complete the picture. The music must be slow and solemn—that of a harmonium would be the best.

"Needle Money and Pin Money" might form

complete the picture. The music must be slow and solem—that of a harmonium would be the best.

"Needle Money and Pin Money" might form another very interesting picture. It can be given by separating the stage into two scenes by means of a dark screen placed lengthwise. "Pin Money" is a lady seated at her toilet, which is handsomely furnished with pin-cushion, toilet-set, candles, etc. She should be attired in a very handsome dressing-gown of some brilliant color, and be occupied in counting the contents of a purse, while a dainty little maid, with pretty cap and apron is in the act of dressing her hair. In the background an elegant ball-dress should be gracefully hung across the back of a handsome chair. And if two pretty children, a boy and girl, could be persuaded to remain quiet enough to sit on the floor, engaged with a book or toy, it would increase the naturalness of the scene. The other side of the screen should be as great a contrast to the first as color and light could make it. A young girl of different complexion from the lady should be seated, very poorly dressed, by a common table, in the act of threading her needle by the light of a candle which is bu ned to the socket. Her work is on her lap; her face should be very pale and weary, and all her surroundings those of great poverty. All the colors of this scene should be dark. This tableau, when well done, is extremely effective.

"The Flower of the Family" will give amusement to the juvenile members of the audience. When the curtain is drawn a barrel of flour is discovered on the stage. About one minute is allowed to elapse, when out of the barrel arises the prettiest little girl that can be found, dressed in white, with flowers in her hair. As soon as she rises the curtains are immediately drawn.

"The Game of Chess," although troublesome as regards the costume, is very pretty. A lady and ge tleman, beautifully dressed in the costume of Louis XVI.'s time, are seated opposite each other playing chess. The expression of the gentleman's face is one o

There are many other scenes which are more or less effective, but which depend a great deal upon the number of performers and the costumes which are available.

As a rule four or five features are here.

As a rule, four or five figures can be grouped and dressed quite as effectively as twelve or fifteen, for when a great number of persons are on the stage, unless great care is taken, they are apt to look too crowded and jumbled up together. Any of our readers may try the tableaux described above, with a certainty of a fair measure of success.

Ripples.

It is possible for a man to know his own mind and yet know very little.

"DYING in poverty," says our cynic, "is nothing. It is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

THE busy bumble-bee has gone into its hole for a spell, and the busy spelling-bee comes forth for another spell.

If one strives to treat others as he would be reated by them, he will not fail to come near the perfect life.

It is the liar who wants to knock you down for doubting his word. The honest man will stop to argue matters.

SAYS an exchange—"Even small boys carry rms in this town." Awful, ain't it? Even the ittle flowers carry pistils.

If "every man is the architect of his own fortune," the most of them had better abandon architecture and go to sawing wood.

SOME people act as though they had been in-oculated with stupidity, while others act as though they had it in the natural way.

A CINCINNATI divine honestly explains: "I don't believe in horse-racing, but then I do so nate to have any one pass me on the road." GENTLEMAN: "I say, waiter, I've just crack-d this egg. Look at it." Waiter: "Don't look ery nice at that end, sir, I must say. Try the

"This business is being carried too far," shouts the end-man minstrel in his search around the stage; "here, some one's stolen my

THE Keokuk young fellows will only court girls hereafter in houses run on the European plan. Some obdurate parent has been charging them for extra meals.

"PANTS for \$" said a seedy-looking man, reading the sign in the window of a clothing-store he was passing—"so do I. I never panted so for \$5 in all my life."

An American doctor has been giving the Spaniards kerosene baths to cure them of con-sumption, and some of the patients think they feel a good deal better than they did. They will make good lamp wicks in time.

Scene in a Police Court: "Prisoner, how many barrels of potatoes did you say you stole!" "Seven, yer Honor; three yesterday and two to-day." "Well, but that's only five." "Och! sure, I'm goin' for the others whin I git out o' this!"

AT an auction art sale the other day a marine At an auction art sale the other day a marine view was about to be knocked down at a handsome figure, when a bluff sailor, who had happened to wander in, exclaimed: "My stars, if there ain't a vessel drifting onto the rocks with a strong breeze blowing off shore!" The artist took his work home to rearrange the wind.

INDIANAPOLIS schools will hereafter study the INDIANAPOLIS schools will hereafter study the science and geometry of dress. It will be beautiful to hear these girls talking about the hypothenuse of a Princess's train or the acute angle of a tight-fitting boot. Geometry of dress! Gewhilikins! Blue Jeans, put on your right-angle triangled overcoat, and go down to Silk & Buttons's, and get me a conic section of pale-blue ribbon. Git!



" Johnny fainted dead away with fright, for down the gully came the biggest land-slide you ever did see."

t got the drink out of you, or Jack Maxwell growled something in reply thich was hardly audible; but at this moment whale - boat, pulling four oars, came up anidly

Hail that boat!" he growled. "It's my old

man."

But it was not necessary. The men in the boat had seen the accident and its result, and Jack Maxwell was helped over the rail into his own boat, looking hard at the young fellow who had saved him, for it began to dawn upon his mind in a misty kind of way that he had something to be thankful for. But the yacht filled away on her course and the whale-boat pulled for the ship, Jack hardly hearing the gentle anathemas piled upon his head by his captain. He went below at once, and did not come on deck until the day was breaking; then the captain was on deck, getting the ship ready to sail, for Jack was too valuable as a mate to quarrel with while yet in harbor. He was soberenough now, and set to work with a will.

"There's a boat coming off to us, Captain

"There's a boat coming off to us, Captain stone," he announced.
"Yes," growled the captain; "I've got to be vet nuss to a young lubber who is going to sea or fun. I'll fun him before the cruise is over.

A shore-boat shot up to the side, in which sat wo passengers—Mr. Stanford and a boy not far rom nineteen years of age, who, disdaining the se of the whip, caught a line and ran up the de with the agility of an old salt. He was followed more slowly by Mr. Stanford, who adapted to the side of the centain.

lowed more slowly by Mr. Stanford, who advanced to the side of the captain.

"This is my nephew, Walter Ferguson, Captain Stone," he said. "I leave him in your care, but I trust in my old friend Jack Maxwell to make a sailor of him."

The boy, a handsome young fellow, full of life and spirit, looked quickly at the mate, and broke into a short laugh, while a look of horror came into the face of the mate. For, in the lad he had promised to destroy, he recognized the youthful commander of the yacht who had saved his life twelve hours before!

(To be continued.)

The Greasers of Guyamas.

A Tale Told in the Middle Watch.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

RIGHT after the close of the war I found myself in New Orleans, sans occupation, sans money, sans almost anything, except influence, and once in a while in this brief life of ours inand once in a wine in this brief life of ours in-fluence is a very good thing to possess, and so it happened, thanks to my friends, that in a very short time I obtained a berth as clerk on the Sunflower Belle, a little river packet plying between New Orleans and the little ports down

The pay was not large, but and I was quite satisfied.

Every man in this world has his story, the old saying says, and there was one man on board of the Sunflower Belle whom I was quite satisfied one story but a dozen of them; The pay was not large, but it was a living, the dingy for a moment.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "pull hard, you lubber—pull port, hard!" roared the sailor, resting on his oars directly under the bows of the yacht and leaning forward to shake

"Ho, there!" he cried; "pull hard, you lubber yourself, you young skip!" roared the sailor, resting on his oars directly under the bows of the yacht and leaning forward to shake

"Ho, there!" he cried; "pull hard, you lubber yourself, you young skip!" roared the sailor, resting on his oars directly under the bows of the yacht and leaning forward to shake

was the name of the little schooner—one of the brightest and smartest boys I ever laid eyes on. He was about seventeen, Johnny Clare by name, He was about seventeen, Johnny Clare by name, and he war as spry and as chipper as they make 'em. He had run away from home to seek his fortune, drifted 'way off to Caifornia, pretty near starved to death in the mines, and was mighty glad to get a berth on the Donna Ana. He soon became a pretty fa'r seaman, an', as he had a good education, he took charge of all the accounts. We had a great big Newfoundland dog on board the craft that I picked up in the streets of Frisco one day, and the liking that sprung up between the boy and the dog was really wonderful. Johnny never went anywheres without the dog and the dog never went anywheres without Johnny.

"Wal, as I was a-tellin' you, we came to anchor one day off Guyamas. Johnny went ashore as usual, to attend to business, taking the dog along. We had stopped at Guyamas three or four times before, and the boys had a good deal of fum with Johnny in regard to a pretty witch of a Mexican girl, the daughter of the

r four times before, and the boys had a good eal of fun with Johnny in regard to a prettyritch of a Mexican girl, the daughter of the
eeper of a drinking-shop. I didn't like the
boks of the old man, and I used often to warn
ohnny that he'd be likely to get his throat cut
he didn't quit foolin' round the Greaser girl.
but, you can't talk sense to a boy, particularly
then there's a woman in the case.
"We cast anchor at noon and Johnny expectd to be back in a couple of hours, but he was

"We cast anchor at noon and Johnny expected to be back in a couple of hours, but he was very often detained, for these Greaser chaps are mighty slow fellows to do business with; and so, as the afternoon wore away, and Johnny didn't return, we were not at all alarmed, but when the twilight began to come on and no Johnny we began to feel a little uneasy. We knew that began to feel a little uneasy. We knew that there was as vile a set of cutthroats in the town as you could scare up in all Mexico, and we be-gun to think that, mebbe, the Greasers had got it into their heads that as Johnny come gun to think that, mebbe, the Greasers had got it into their heads that, as Johnny came on shore to attend to schooner's business, he had a lot of money about him, and I reckon that there was many a man in that town at that time that would gladly cut a man's throat for a single golden ounce. Johnny had the dog with him, though, and we knew that if there was any trouble the dog could be safely counted on to do his share of the fighting, for he was big and powerful, and plucky enough to pull down a bull.

"Wal, I tell you, colonel, it was an anxious night to us schooner boys, for Johnny didn't put in an appearance, but the first thing, in the morning, the dog made his appearance on the shore and set up a howl.

"Tiger was a remarkable dog; he could al-

morning, the dog made his appearance on the shore and set up a howl.

"Tiger was a remarkable dog; he could almost talk, that dog could, and when he set up that howl, he said just as plain as a man could, 'Come quick, for thar's trouble.' I just seized my weapons, jumped into the boat, and the boys pulled me to the shore. The dog commenced to bark, jumped up on me, then run off a little way and wagged his tail. I understood what he meant just as well as if he had talked it out. He said: 'Come on—come quick, for there's mischief afoot?' Yes, sir-ee! the dog said that, just as cute as any human could have done. I told the men in the boat to wait for me, for I was armed to the teeth, and felt confident that with my revolvers I was a match for a full dozen of the greasers, to say nothing of the dog.

As mean a hole as ever I got into!" the mate exclaimed, emphatically; "and the people, as a rule, as big a set of skunks as I ever met with. You see I'm speaking of the town as it was in 'fifty-five; mebbe it's better now.

"Wal, we had on board the Donna Ana—that was the name of the little schooner—constitution."

Tableaux Vivants.

SOME PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENTS FOR WIN-TER EVENINGS—INSTRUCTIONS AS TO THE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE STAGE AND GROUP-ING OF THE FIGURES—SUBJECTS FOR TAB

THERE are few amusements which give so nuch entertainment to young and old as the erformance of tableaux vivants, and winter of

Il others is the period when the ingenuity of undreds of young people in town and country iouses will be taxed to the utmost to invent and range artistic groups for their entertainments. Tableaux do not involve the trouble of study," as plays and charades do, and with e help of a person with a fair knowledge of larger and committee. color and grouping, they may be easily arranged in a very short time. There is no chance of disagreement as regards the choice of parts, for all the characters may be equally well placed and well dressed and well dressed

and well dressed.

In a country house where there is a hall or gallery, a stage can be constructed with very little difficulty at one end of it, and, with a screen or curtain to form a border, scarcely anything else in the way of scenery will be required. Those who have the usual double drawing-room in which to arrange their pictures may also be sure that, with proper attention to details, they will be as successful as people who have greater space at their command.

In a drawing-room the stage should be about

have greater space at their command.

In a drawing-room the stage should be about three feet from the ground, and about ten feet square, but we have seen very effective tableaux without a raised stage at all. One most important requisite, however, is abundant light, for upon this the success of the entertainment almost entirely depends. Footlights must not for upon this the success of the entertainment almost entirely depends. Footlights must not be thought of, as they throw dark and unbecoming shadows on the countenance. The best way of lighting the stage is from the side. Two carriage-lamps, or reflector-lights, on each side of the folding-doors, will answer the purpose. The floor must always be covered with a dark drugger and a curtain made of callico of a dark get, and a curtain made of calico of a dark shade, opening in the center, must be provided. A very high screen, to form a background, will complete the properties, if we except a piece of black tarletan nailed tightly across the doors between the audience and the figures.

The audience must not be placed too close to the stage. There should be a space of about four yards to separate the spectators from the

four yards to separate the spectators from the actors.

Moonlight may be produced by fastening green glass in front of the lights; firelight by doing the same with red glass. There should of course, be one person of the party chosen to be stage manager. He should have the grouping of all the pictures, and should not perform in them himself. To provide appropriate music for each tableau should be the task of a different person, and two others should do nothing else but attend to the curtain, for it is most important that it should be drawn and closed at the proper time.

The performers should be sufficiently numerous to prevent the necessity of the same persons appearing consecutively, since the changing of costumes will take up considerable time.

Schence are girls talking about the hypothenuse of a Princess's train or the acute angle of a tight-fitting boot. Geometry of dress! Gewhilikins! Blue Jeans, put on your right-angle triangled overcoat, and go down to Silk & Buttons's, and get me a conic section of pale-blue ribbon. Git!

It is easier for the average small boy to tug to do this fourteen times in succession, than to drag his little sister on that self-same sled for two blocks. The hardest and most tiresome work in the world is to do what you don't want to do. How heavy our feet are when the task is disagreeable, and how light they are when it's all fun!